



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



TH



A 325/
767



THE
LOVE OF JESUS;

OR,

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament,

FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH.

BY REV. D. GILBERT, D.D.

First American, from the last London Edition.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The Devotion of the Forty Hours.

With an Introduction by an American Clergyman.

BIBLIOTHEQUE S. J.

Les Fontaines

60 - CHANTILLY

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURPHY & Co.

182 BALTIMORE STREET.

1871.

Nihil Obstat.
GULIELMUS CANONICUS WEATHERS, S. T. D.

Imprimatur.
✠ HENRICUS EDWARDUS,
ARCHIEPISCOPUS WESTMONASTERIENSIS.



Re-Imprimatur.
MARTINUS JOANNES,
ARCHIEPISCOPUS BALTIMORENSIS.

Die 20 Feb. 1871.

.....
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by
JOHN MURPHY & Co.,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.
.....

INTRODUCTION

To the American Edition.

"THE Land we love and live in!" Such is the affectionate manner in which many of us speak of that portion of this earth we call "Our own, our native land." And how shall we more perfectly prove that we do love it, than by leaving no means untried to promote within its borders, far and wide, North and South, East and West, the Love of Jesus Christ—the heavenly Fire He came Himself to enkindle on earth, and which He longs so ardently to see burning in every heart; the Light that will dispel the dark clouds of every kind that are daily lowering more gloomily over our vast and favored country; the Life that will infuse new strength into our veins, and save us, as a people, from the premature decay and dissolution which already threaten American society? Other governments count their political existence by hundreds of

years. Ours cannot say that one century has passed away since we took our place among the nations of the earth. And how saddening, how ominous of evil, both for Church and State, are the changes we behold going on around us. Levity of mind, love of pleasure, thirst for riches, disregard for all authority, human and divine, are eating like a cancer into the very heart of even Catholic society. Where shall we find so easily a stay, a defence against the threatening dangers as at the feet of Jesus, in that mystery of mysteries, the most holy Eucharist? that Sacrament of Light and Love and Life which He has Himself instituted for the preservation of society, the salvation of the world! Oh! before it be too late, let us arouse ourselves from our tepidity; strive to repair the negligences of the past; hasten to offer some atonement for the coldness and ingratitude of so many years now gone by forever. And for this purpose we cannot do better than to adopt as our manual "this excellent little book, full of pious thoughts and holy aspirations, with meditative reflections

of much beauty, exceedingly well put together," as our "very sweet companion" in our visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Such are a few words from the notices which this new help to our piety has won in England and France. One says it is "an eloquent little book, for it speaks to the soul, and discovers an acquaintance with man's heart, its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, which can only be gained by one who has sounded the depths of his own nature by the aid of the Divine Spirit." Another calls it the "outpourings of a heart enamored of the holy mystery of the Eucharist, and we have no doubt that its constant use will greatly tend to substitute a loving and practical belief in the real presence, instead of the cold and abstract faith so common in these days."

The only change from the English edition is the addition of the beautiful prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas, "I devoutly adore Thee! O Hidden Deity!" which many will be delighted to offer as their spiritual communion before the visit to the Blessed Virgin.

The prayers for the Forty Hours' Devotion have been chiefly taken from a work approved by that great servant of God, the late Cardinal Wiseman. They will help all who use them to spend those ever-sacred moments in a manner most pleasing to God; advantageously to our own souls, and most profitable to the Church and our beloved country, whose many common wants and dangers should never be absent from our minds. Watch, hope, and pray. In heaven we will learn how acceptable to the adorable Heart of Jesus Christ, and to the Immaculate Heart of His Virgin Mother such prayers always are, and what blessings they still bring down on all countries, and on the Church of God spread throughout the world.

LOYOLA, BALTIMORE,
Feast of St. Joseph, S.B.V.M.

1871.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. Dedication of the Month to the Blessed Sacrament.....	9
II. Faith in the Divinity of our Blessed Lord.....	17
III. Faith in the Humanity of our Blessed Lord.....	28
IV. The Love of Jesus in giving Himself to us in the B. Sacrament..	38
V. The Sacrifice made by Jesus on the Altar.....	50
VI. Faith in the Sacrifice of the Mass	59
VII. Act of Love to Jesus in the Sacrifice of the Mass.....	67
VIII. The Love of Jesus giving Himself in the Holy Communion....	74
IX. The Love of Jesus in giving Himself in the Holy Viaticum.....	84
X. Petitions to Jesus in the Holy Viaticum.....	94
XI. Faith in the Sacred Heart of our Lord	101
XII. Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus	110
XIII. The Precious Blood.....	119
XIV. Benediction	126
XV. Gratitude	135
XVI. Ingratitude	144
XVII. Coldness	153

	PAGE
XVIII. Jesus, the Good Shepherd....	162
XIX. Jesus, our Physician.....	169
XX. Jesus, our Judge.....	177
XXI. Abiding Sorrow.....	184
XXII. The Israelites in the Desert..	191
XXIII. Jesus, our Friend.....	201
XXIV. Sympathy.....	210
XXV. Happiness.....	220
XXVI. Union with Jesus.....	229
XXVII. Imagination	237
XXVIII. Lovers of Jesus.....	246
XXIX. Love of the Saints.....	256
XXX. Imitation of the B. Virgin....	266
XXXI. Confession of the Faults of the Month	277
Visit to the Blessed Virgin.....	283
Prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas (Adoro te Devote)....	284
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament.....	286
Devotion of the "Quarant' Ore," or Forty Hours' Devotion	286
Short Prayers to the Blessed Sacrament during its Exposition and Benediction	307
The Litany of the Saints.....	311
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.....	321
Litany of the Blessed Virgin.. ..	321
A Novena, in honor of Christ Crucified.....	328
Plenary Indulgence.....	331
Prayer to St. Joseph.....	332
The Memorare to St. Joseph.....	333
Devout Acts of Praise.....	334
Prayer to St. Joseph, Patron of the Church.....	335

VISITS
To the Blessed Sacrament,
ETC.

First Visit.

DEDICATION OF THE MONTH TO THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT.

JESUS, we are almost ashamed to kneel before Thee, because Thy presence reminds us of so much ingratitude and forgetfulness. Thou hast been on the Altar since we were born, Thou hast never been absent a single instant, and though we are now, perhaps, at the sixth, the ninth, the eleventh hour of our lives, how often

have we visited Thee? How often have we thought of Thee? How much time have we spent in Thy company?

We blush and are covered with confusion, for having given so much time to the world; and so little to Thee. But would that this were our only fault, and that we had nothing else wherewith to reproach ourselves. Alas! time after time we have come before Thee, and our presence has only given pain to Thee, and scandal to those around. Our distractions and levity of manner, our laughter and conversation, have proved to others that Thou wert neither in our minds nor in our hearts.

How often have we come to the altar-rails and received Thee, Dear

Lord, without reflection or preparation; and departed thence without thanksgiving or gratitude? How often have we come, when the night before, or on the morning of our communion, our souls have been stained with an untruth, with anger, pride, jealousy, or all these together?

But Thou, Who readest the hearts of men, knowest that some of us may have done worse. We tremble to acknowledge it, but have we not acted the part of Judas, and received Thee once, twice, thrice, perhaps often, unworthily, sacrilegiously? Well may we hold down our heads, and well may our tears flow copiously, for such crimes and perfidy!

But we will not despair. There is

yet time to amend, and to make compensation for the past. And with a view of atonement, we wish to dedicate our whole lives, but particularly this month, to the honor and glory and service of the Blessed Sacrament. We promise to visit Thee five minutes each day at least, in spirit, to make six ejaculations to the Blessed Sacrament wherever we are during the day, to make a spiritual communion six times a day, and to say seven Hail Marys daily, in compensation for all the insults that have been and are daily being offered to the altar by ourselves, by Catholics, and by unbelievers. We resolve, whenever we genuflect before the altar, to make an act of faith or love, saying, "Jesus, we believe Thou art

present in the Blessed Sacrament ;” or, “Jesus, make us love Thee deeply and sincerely ;” or some similar ejaculation. As often as we pass by a church, we promise to make an act of love, and one of external reverence, and adoring in silence, to follow Thee some distance whenever we see the Blessed Sacrament carried through the streets to the sick and dying. We resolve to assist at daily Mass and Benediction as often as circumstances will permit. Also we bind ourselves never to receive the Holy Communion with a wilful venial sin on our souls ; never to do so without having spent at least a quarter of an hour in preparation ; and never to depart from the church without having spent the same time in thanksgiving.

And rather than again perpetrate the treachery of Judas, may the sun never rise that will see such a thought in our hearts; may death snatch us out of the world suddenly, and so prevent the commission of such a crime. Finally, we purpose to conduct ourselves with such decorum in Thy Temple as never to forget that the ground on which we stand is holy, and that the place where Thou dwellest is terrible. Jesus, this is our determination; bless it, make it practical and fruit-bearing all our lives, but especially during this month. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on the resolutions we have made, and make a Spiritual Communion.

DEDICATION OF THE MONTH TO THE
BLESSED VIRGIN.

Blessed Mother, we wish to be thy children, and to dedicate our whole lives, and especially this month, to thee. We desire to spend it in serving thee and extending thy honor and glory, because we love thee, and because thus we shall be doing what is most pleasing to thy Son. And to prove our sincerity, we promise every day often to think of thee, and to offer some short prayer to thee. We resolve always to salute thy statue, to bow at the mention of thy name, and to make an act of compensation as often as any insult is offered to thee. Also, in thy honor we promise to be enrolled in thy scap-

ular, to say a portion of thy rosary daily, and to wear one of thy medals.

Reject not, Dear Lady, the clients at thy feet; they are unworthy of notice, but in pity acknowledge them as thine own; call them thy children, and allow them to call thee Mother. O Mother Mary, bless thy children, bless these resolutions, and let us be thine forever. Amen.



Second Visit.

FAITH IN THE DIVINITY OF OUR BLESSED
LORD.

WE believe, O God, with an unshaken faith, that Thou art infinite in all Thy attributes, that Thy intelligence comprehendeth with one glance the whole of the past, present, and future, as though they were but one, that Thy power hung the world and those unnumbered luminaries of the night on nothing, and that the same power could in an instant strike down every sphere, planet, sun, and star throughout creation, entombing the earth in their ruins. We hold that Thy pure, spiritual substance is im-

mense, and yet entirely present to every spot in creation. We confess that the palace where Thou dwellest and unveilest Thy magnificent greatness and awful grandeur is heaven, throned upon a thousand worlds, and that there the unnumbered spirits that came into existence on Creation's morn ever stand in Thy presence adoring and praising Thee. That there the four and twenty elders bare their heads and bow their knees, and the cherubim and seraphim, throwing their crowns on the pavement, mantling their faces with their wings, cease not to cry out day and night, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." That of Thyself and in Thyself alone, Thou art supremely happy, and needest nothing created

for Thy felicity ; and that, nevertheless, Thy boundless love loves man, and loves him in a manner which no stretch of human understanding can conceive.

We steadfastly acknowledge that, through love of us, who are but mere atoms, worms, insects, compared to Thee, Thou, the King of the Universe, hast exchanged heaven for this poor tabernacle before which we are now kneeling ; that Thou hast given up the throne where seraphs, burning with love, ever adored, and art content to abide in the cold, unwatched Ciborium ; that Thou hast resigned Thy kingdom of immensity, and seemest to have no more than a linen corporal for Thy possession ; that Thou hast shorn Thyself of Thy beauty and immensity,

and art hidden and concealed under the appearances of bread; that Thou, who art the life of all that lives and breathes, hast chosen for our sake to be as one dead, even as the morsel of food we eat; that Thou, whose power the earth and all the endless works of creation publish, hast for us become powerless, even as straw that is blown hither and thither; that Thou, who art borne through infinity in the strength of Thy omnipotence, art carried in a creature's hand, and dwellest here on this altar, substantially, wholly, and entirely, and in every church and chapel, day and night, alone, unwatched, unheeded, and almost unknown.

We maintain with an unwavering

faith that, when in the Holy Sacrifice the solemn words are pronounced, "This is My Body," "This is My Blood," quicker than a sunbeam through the air—in the very same instant of time—the heavens are opened, and the bread and wine are utterly and entirely changed and transubstantiated into the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of Our Blessed Lord. It is our firm belief, that on the altar, after the Consecration, there is neither bread nor wine, no more than if they had never existed, and that nothing remains but the accidents or appearances thereof. And finally, we unhesitatingly hold, when in the Mass the accidents are separated and divided, that under the smallest frag-

ment of the accidents of bread, and under the appearance of the least drop of wine, God, who is boundless, infinite, immense, is contained really, substantially, wholly, and entirely.

O God! when we consider the great things Thou hast done for us in this Sacrament—how Thou hast become even lower than the servant and the slave of man; how in appearance Thou hast annihilated each of Thy attributes; how Thou hast chosen Thy dwelling-place to be amongst ourselves—our poor reason almost staggers and reels, not, indeed, as though there was want of power to do all this, but that Thou shouldst ever have loved us so dearly as to exhaust the treasures of Thy Divinity on us, who are so vile,

so despicable, so unworthy of all regard. Most loving God! we confess that on the altar before which we kneel there is verily the same Deity, who is Heaven's Beatitude, the same before whose tremendous Majesty the songs of Zion are hushed, and every harp and instrument silent; the same who from the burning bush bade Moses take off his shoes, because the ground he stood upon was holy, and the same who from the summit of Sinai commanded the Israelites not to approach the mount, lest the terrors of His greatness should utterly destroy them; yet how is it that we, miserable sinners, can remain in Thy presence without fear? How is it that, when archangel and cherubim tremble, we are unmoved

and indifferent, and even like the fallen spirits, proud, defiant, and insulting in the palace of the King of kings? How is it, that when we are face to face with God, we do not realize that the ground we stand on is holy, and that we can think, act, and speak as though the Creator's abode on earth were no more than any public hall or assembly-room? The reason is, because our belief in the divinity of our Blessed Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is more on our lips than in our hearts; it is because we have not a practical lively faith.

Jesus, we bow ourselves down to the earth, and though we are but dust and ashes in Thy sight, from our hearts, and with our whole souls, we confess

that Thou, the True, Living, and Infinite God, art present in this tabernacle under the form of bread! Make, we implore Thee, this faith take deep root in our hearts. Give us the faith of the angels who sang over Bethlehem; of the shepherds who adored at the manger, and of the Magi who offered their treasure to Thee under the form of a little child; and when we possess this gift, it will mould and shape our lives. Then the poorest chapel where God dwells will be the holiest, the most sacred spot in creation; then we shall feel that the ground where a chapel stands is holy; and once we are within its precincts, our thoughts and actions will be holy too. Deny us not this priceless treasure of

faith, and we promise to visit Thee every day, at least in spirit, and ever to adore Thee on the altar, as our Creator and God, who liveth forever and ever. Amen.

*Let us reflect a few minutes on what Faith teaches,
and make a Spiritual Communion.*

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.


Most Blessed Virgin, Mother of Faith, grant, we beseech thee, that this virtue may take deep and permanent root in our hearts. When thou wast on the earth, for nine months thou didst bear the immense God of creation in thy sacred womb; thou didst carry Him in thy arms; thou didst behold Him under the same sacramental veils we have before us, and though thou

knewest Him to be thy Son, yet in faith thou didst love and adore Him as thy God, the Alpha and Omega, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Make us, Dear Mother, we beseech thee, know, love, and adore Him as thou didst; that so, when time ends, we may with thee clearly see Him face to face in His own bright kingdom. This favor we ask, through the merits of Jesus and thine own powerful intercession, ever pure and Immaculate Virgin. Amen.



Third Visit.

FAITH IN THE HUMANITY OF OUR BLESSED
LORD.

E most firmly believe, Dear Jesus, that Thou, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, hast, by a prodigy of love, united Thy divinity to our poor human nature, and that thus, being God and Man, by a miracle of Omnipotence Thou hast covered and concealed Thyself under the appearance of bread and wine. We most steadily hold, that in this Tabernacle there is neither bread nor wine, and that what seems to be such is verily the same Living God and Man over whom the angels sang in Bethlehem,

“Glory be to God in the highest,” and over whom on the banks of the Jordan a voice from the clouds was heard saying, “Thou art my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” It is our unshaken faith that here is the very same soul that was sorrowful in the garden even unto death, and this for our sins, the very same body that was scourged at the pillar, and fell under the pressure of the Cross, the very same flesh that quivered on Calvary, and the very same blood that purpled the hard rock ; not, indeed, in the same mortal, passible state, but spiritual as it arose from the tomb, beautiful as it appeared on Mount Thabor, and ascended triumphantly into heaven, where it is now glorified, and before

which angels offer up incense from golden censers, and the celestial choirs sing unceasingly, "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction."

From this doctrine it follows that the present time is not different from that when Jesus was in the world, at least in all that concerns His Presence; that we are equally privileged with those who then lived, and that, like them, we can see, gaze upon, and converse with the very same Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ; that we are really and truly the neighbors and companions of Jesus, and if we desire it, like the Apostles, the disciples, and

the devout women, we can also be His intimate friends.

This being so, how is it we come so seldom to see Jesus? How is it our visits to Him are fewer than to our ordinary neighbors and friends? Do we fancy that our visits will not be agreeable to Him, and that He will not be pleased to see us? If so, we have the answer to such a delusion in His own assurance that His delights are to be with the children of men. Does the fear of the boundless and omniscient Deity, who dwells on the altar, overwhelm us and prevent us drawing near? If so, is not the encouraging voice of Jesus heard saying, "It is I, fear ye not;" and who can fear the Child of Bethlehem, the Saviour weep-

ing over Jerusalem, the Redeemer with His heart broken open with love on Calvary?

Do our sins and ingratitude terrify and hold us back? Oh, then, remember that the Loving and Sin-forgiving Jesus was ever all mercy, gentleness, and forgiveness to repentant sinners. Was not His only answer to the sorrowing Magdalene, "Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much;" to the woman taken in adultery, "Go thy way, and sin no more;" to the good thief, "This day, thou shalt be with me in Paradise"?

Do we apprehend that if we go to Jesus we shall not find words to address Him? What words are more suitable, more eloquent to the father,

than the misery of his prodigal child ; to the physician, than the pain and wounds of his patient ; to the tender-hearted, than the rags and hunger of the mendicant ? And as we are never without some pain, sorrow, or misery, so we can never come to the altar without our trials and afflictions touching the Sacred Heart of our Lord even more powerfully than our words.

Most compassionate Jesus, these are not the reasons why we do not visit Thee. We have no reasonable excuse but one for not coming to Thee, and it is because we have not a practical faith, and, by consequence, because we do not love Thee.

Give us, we crave, from the bottom of our souls, this practical faith. Give

us the faith of the Apostles, who, at the last supper, first adored and received Thee in the Blessed Eucharist. Impart to us the faith which filled the hearts of Thy Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, which made the bitterness of life sweetness, and death unutterable joy. Bestow upon us the faith of Thy countless disciples, who when fortified with this bread of the strong, Thy body and blood, could face the worst of martyrdom with jubilee in their hearts and joy radiant on their countenance. If Thou wilt hear our unworthy prayer, in return we promise to visit Thee every day till the love of Thee has taken entire possession of our souls. We will draw near to Thee, O Lord ; and though Thou seest,

and we know that we are unfit to do so, yet, like the little children in the Gospel, we will present ourselves for Thy blessing. Like Magdalene, will we kneel and embrace Thy sacred feet, that by washing them with our tears we may cleanse the stains of our souls. Like the sister of Lazarus and the widow of Naim, we will come to Thee when our hearts are full of sorrow, that Thou mayest impart hope and comfort. Like the disciples, we will listen to Thy voice whenever Thou speakest, promising to do all Thou desirest of us. Jesus, our Beloved, our Father, our Brother, our Friend, look upon us, and though the words of our petition falter on our lips, regard our miseries, our sorrows, and give us that .

which in Thy mercy Thou shalt judge best; but one petition deny us not. Let us not be numbered with the Jews, let us not be classed with those of whom it is complained that, though Jesus is in the world, they know Him not, and though He comes unto His own, they receive Him not. This we entreat of Thee, dear Jesus, through Thy death and passion, and through the love which induces Thee to live with us continually on the altar. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on what Faith teaches, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Most Blessed Virgin, since thou desirest so much that all men should

know and love thy Son, grant, we beseech thee, that this desire may be accomplished, at least in our regard. And as pride so blinded the eyes and hardened the hearts of the Jews, that they disowned and put to death their Saviour and Redeemer, grant, sweet Mother, that this evil, of which our hearts are so full, may never lead us to such baseness and ingratitude. Take from us this accursed pride, make us lowly in our own estimation, as thou wast; and then present us to thy Son, and make us know, love, and believe in Him as thou didst. This petition we ask through thy Immaculate Heart, O ever spotless and glorious Virgin Mary. Amen.



Fourth Visit.

THE LOVE OF JESUS IN GIVING HIMSELF TO US
IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

NOW different are the ways of Jesus from those of the sons of Adam! When man wishes to prove his affection for another, the utmost he can give is a participation in his wealth or estates. All that Pharaoh could do to proclaim to the world his affection for Joseph, was to raise him from being a slave and a prisoner to be in rank second only to himself. The most the great Assuerus was capable of to prove his love for Esther, his queen, was a promise that she should have whatever she willed,

though it were the half of his kingdom. The greatest proof of love the fondest parent can give, is to leave to his children his property, or something which he has highly prized and valued ; whilst the best manifestation of affection the highest and noblest of our race can give, to publish the excess of his love, is to bequeath his heart to those he loves as the richest legacy human nature can give. Yet what seems great and wonderful to man could not satisfy the boundless love of the Deity.

God might have given each one of us a world for our inheritance ; He might have made us kings to rule over dominions far greater than the earth we tread upon ; and He might have

made the land we live in an Eden of delights. But such gifts as these would be poor and weak to prove His immense love and condescension. Nothing could satisfy Him but a gift which man's heart had never conceived, before which those of earth would sink into insignificance, and which should be worthy of His Eternal Majesty. And since all that is created must seem as dust before His immensity, by a prodigy of love and power, Jesus, true God and true Man, has given us, not a part of His possessions, not a part of Himself, but Himself, whole and entire, in the Blessed Sacrament. The Second Person of the ever Holy Trinity, conceived and made man for our sakes, has con-

demned Himself to remain here, and on every altar throughout the world, for love of us.

What a mystery is here! Why should God, why should Jesus love us, and that so intensely? we who, if compared with Him, are less than a grain of sand in the balance against the whole of creation. Let us look well at ourselves, dust and ashes as we are, and see if there be aught in us that could captivate the Almighty. Contemplate the grandeur and majesty of God, who is boundless and immense, whose intelligence comprehends the past, present, and future, as though they were but one, who is the beginning and the root of all that is or can be, and thus realize the transcending

mysteries of the Incarnation ; and say, is it not wonderful beyond conception that He should love us who are His bondsmen by every right and title. The world would deem it folly in a prince to form an attachment for a pauper ; would consider it madness for a king to squander his love upon a beggar. Yet, what is foolishness to the world, the Monarch of Creation has done for us poor helpless mendicants, and more than ever entered into the imagination to invent. Here and upon every altar the treasures of the Deity seem poured out and exhausted ; and though it is true to say that God's power and love have no bounds, yet He whose eye is beyond the sweep of creation, can point to our altars, and tell

the inhabitants of Jerusalem that there is a gift greater than which nothing can be, because it is God Himself; that there is a manifestation of love deeper and more ardent than which never came from the affectionate bosom of the Almighty. Thus does Jesus love us, but what return do we make?

We know full well how to prize the gifts of friends, we feel our hearts warm towards the benefactor who shows us repeated kindness, and nature urges us to make an adequate return; but as though a different rule existed with regard to God, in return for this Gift of gifts, for the most part we manifest nothing but coldness and forgetfulness. How often do we think of Jesus in the

Blessed Sacrament? How often in the week do we assist at Mass, Benediction, or Exposition? Have we ever done anything to show our love and gratitude for this transcendent gift, but to repeat a few unfelt words of love? Have we ever made the least sacrifice for Jesus? Do we ever put ourselves to any serious inconvenience to come and visit our Loving Saviour? Do we ever sacrifice as much as we do for our friends, for our neighbors, to beautify His abode, to put ornaments in His sanctuary, flowers on His altar?

Dear Jesus, our lives and conduct will not bear questioning. Covered with shame and confusion, and bowed to the earth in Thy presence, in sorrow

we acknowledge that we have forgotten, despised, and contemned Thee; that we have treated Thee worse than we have our friends, or our neighbors. But pardon, Dear Lord, our sin and ingratitude, and with Thy pardon give light to our eyes, that we may see and know Thee. Soften our hardened hearts, that Thy love may be indelibly impressed thereon, never to be effaced. And if we love Thee, that which is now difficult will become easy and even attractive. Love transforms our nature. It makes the coward a hero, the miser generous, and the apathetic zealous and ardent. Its power is beyond magnetic attraction, and is like that by which all created bodies tend to the center of gravity. Love abhors separation

or distance with the one loved. Love can never rest, can never be happy, but with the one loved.

And so it will be with us if we love Thee, Dear Jesus; we need not then promise to visit Thee, for it will be impossible to keep at a distance. We need not fear that the time with Thee will be wearisome, or that we shall not know what to say; for love can never be silent, except when the feelings of the soul are deep beyond utterance, and we never reckon the hours save in the absence of the loved one. We need not resolve to make presents to Thy altar, for not to do so will be a violence to the nature that loves; we need not fix with care the number of times we will think of Thee, for not to remem-

ber Thee, not to make Thee the undercurrent of our thoughts, will be to cease to love Thee.

Dearest and best of Lovers! give us this love, and then all Thou desirest and all we hold best and most sacred will be added unto us. This favor we ask through the boundless love which binds Thee to the altar day and night for our sakes. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on the Love of Jesus in giving Himself to us in the Blessed Sacrament, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Blessed Virgin, Mother of fair love, and Queen of the Seraphim, school our perverse hearts to love thy Son. Pluck from them all inordinate attachments

to creatures, so that the interests of Jesus may find room to dwell there. When the world and its cares distract us, never let us forget Him who says, "Come to me, all you who labor and are heavily burthened, and I will refresh you," for "my delights are to be with the children of men." When pleasures, frivolities, idleness, and vain excuses would keep us at a distance, take us by the hand, Dear Mother, and bring us to the altar, the abode of thy Child on earth. There make us ponder upon the love and goodness He has manifested in the Blessed Sacrament, and let us not depart till our hearts warm and grow enamored of Him. There make us see how ungenerous, how ungrateful it is of hearts that have

but one fibre of love to treat Jesus worse than we treat our relations, our friends, and our neighbors. This favor we petition, O Blessed Virgin, through the love which glowed in thine own heart, and through the merits of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

4



Fifth Visit.

THE SACRIFICE MADE BY JESUS ON THE
ALTAR.

THE test of friendship and love is sacrifice. We are ready to share our surplus possessions, to transfer our superfluous feelings, and to divide our interest and sympathy with those who put forth the first claim; but it needs some principle strong as love to impoverish and imperil ourselves, and to undergo pain and suffering. And if the extent of the sacrifice made is the measure of love given, how fathomless, Dear Jesus, must be Thy love for us! In Thy existence on the altar every act of Thine is a sacrifice.

What is there to indicate Thy presence? Thy glory is extinguished, the glorious troops of angels appear not, no visible trace of Thy former greatness remains. All is utterly consumed, and Thou art a sacrifice, a holocaust for us! Thou didst wish to be known and served by the world, and for us Thou art unknown and unserved. Thou didst endure thirty-three years of pain, and labor, and want, that the hearts of men might meet in their true centre, Thy heart; and for us Thou hast consented that those hearts should be turned to stone against Thee.

With the penalty of Thy life Thou didst make Thyself a sacrifice on Calvary, and that it might never be for-

gotten, every day on Thy altar Thou art again mystically crucified. Every day Thy blood mystically pours afresh from Thy heart, and Thy wounded hands and feet; every day Jew and pagan, as of old, wag their heads, and cast their mocking words at Thee; and nevertheless Thou remainest here day and night, and endurest these insults for our sakes. Day after day those of Thine own household, Catholics, come to these altar-rails, and with the treachery of Judas on their lips, receive Thee into their sin-polluted souls, and yet Thou bearest this for the love of us.

And what, Dear Lord, have we done for Thee in return? Have we ever made a genuine sacrifice for Thee?

Have we ever ceased sinning, save when it pleased ourselves? For Thee have we ever deprived ourselves of anything that was not superfluous? Have we ever given up an evening's pleasure, or a party of friends, or an hour's recreation, to visit Thee in Thy solitude on the altar? Have we ever put ourselves to the least inconvenience, to be present at the sacrifice of Calvary, and to assist at daily Mass? Have we not preferred to leave Thee almost alone, when Thy hand is raised in benediction, than face the little difficulty of a few minutes' walk to visit Thee?

We come to Thee, it is true, when all else fails, in misfortune, in adversity, in tears; but how seldom when

the visits cost us anything—purely for Thee alone?

But why is it, Dearest Jesus, we do not reciprocate and appreciate Thy perpetual love and sacrifice on the altar? The reason is humiliating, and one we have had often to acknowledge. It is because we have not yet learnt to love Thee. Love delights in sacrifice, and the greater the sacrifice the greater the ecstasy. Who thinks of fatigue and sleepless nights to comfort a friend? Who will not sacrifice interest, pleasure, gain, for the society of the one that is dearest? Who with affection in his bosom has a keener joy than to satisfy the desires of the one who is nearest to his heart? And so it would be with us if we loved

Thee, even as much as we are bound to do, if we hope to go to heaven.

We have love deep and ardent in these hearts of ours, but it has been prostituted on frivolities, on worthless creatures, and even on sin. Empty them, we implore Thee, of all false loves, that there may be room for Thee. Eject those who occupy Thy abode, and come and reign there supreme. Come and give us Thy love, and the happiness of our lives will be, to be with Thee, and to make sacrifices for Thee. Then without effort, nay, impelled by a strong sweet impulse, we shall visit Thee every day; we shall assist at daily Mass, and be always at Thy knees when Thy hand is raised in Holy Benediction to

bleſs Thy children; and we ſhall be ready to ſacrifice every thing, pleaſure, friends, company, reſt, all, ſave poſitive duty, rather than be ſeparated from Thee. At Thy word, Dear Jeſus, Thy Apoſtles, and many who followed Thee, left every thing — parents, friends, poſſeſſions, and themſelves, for the love of Thee. Repeat, we beſeech Thee, that ſame word to-day, that even thus late we may learn what it is to make ſacrifices for the love of Thee, whoſe life in the Bleſſed Sacrament is a perpetual ſacrifice for our ſakes. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on the Sacrifice made by Jeſus, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

If, O Mother of God, thy Son's life was a perpetual sacrifice for the interests of mankind, what were thy seven dolours but seven strong rivets which bound thy life in one chain of sorrow and sacrifice. No sacrifice, no sorrow alarmed thee; because they made thee more like thy Son.

Dear Mother, behold us, timid children at thy feet; we who have neither courage nor endurance, and whom the least suffering casts down and makes afraid. Let us be like thee, and like thy Son. Take away our timidity; make us courageous, at least for small things, that we may visit thy Son on the altar, that we may assist at Mass

and Benediction, and that we may be able to give up friends, relatives, and occupations for a few minutes to do so. Mother of Sorrow, teach us to imitate thee, and in our little way to make some sacrifices for thy Son. Amen.



Sixth Visit.

FAITH IN THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

WE believe, Dear Jesus, that Thou art in this august sacrifice, true God and Man, even as Thou wert in the sacrifice of Calvary. That here is the same body that was extended on the Cross, the same hands that were pierced with nails, the same blood that flowed in streams, the same heart that was split open with love, the same Eternal Son that was immolated, and the same Jesus, both Priest and Victim. We hold that here in a mystical manner Thy Body and Blood are separated, and that Thou art, as it were, again nailed to the Cross, dead, and

presented to Heaven as a holocaust, for the propitiation of the sins of the world. We confess that the same love for us which once made Thee leave heaven and become man, and then a victim on the Mount of Sorrows, causes Thee, the Eternal Son of the Father, to descend daily here; thereby renewing Thy birth in Bethlehem and Thy death on Calvary.

How few think of this! How few think that the sins of the world, that their own sins, perhaps the greatest, are continually crying to Heaven for vengeance, and how, when God is ready to unsheathe His sword, and utterly to destroy His worthless enemies, that from unnumbered altars, innumerable Hosts, containing verily the Son of

Mary, each a world of love and propitiation, are offered up as an atonement between Heaven and earth, between sinful man and his offended Creator. God looks down on our altars and again beholds the Babe of Bethlehem stretching out His little hands to ask for mercy ; again He gazes on His only Son bowed down with agony in the Garden of Olives ; again He listens to His dying request, “ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do ! ” and the heart of Jesus once more saves us, and changes the Father’s wrath into mercy.

But was not one Atonement, one Sacrifice, one Calvary sufficient ? Why must Thôu renew it in a thousand places every day ? In the midst of

Thy passion, Thou, O Jesus, foresawest our weakness and our guilt. Thou knewest that we should trample often upon Thy blood, which had been once spilt, and yet Thou didst leave it perpetually with us, to cleanse our souls again and again. Thou didst feel that we should despise Thy sacred wounds, and so are they ever open to receive us; that we should condemn Thy first sacrifice, and so, Dearest Lord, every day Thou art sacrificed again. Jesus, we believe all this; at least we desire to do so, therefore let not our practical unbelief cause Thee to turn from us. Let not our souls, which are so dry and arid, be deprived of the softening influence of the showers of grace which are continually falling on this mount

of sacrifice. At Thy first sacrifice there was a centurion who went home, striking his breast, saying, "Indeed, this was the Son of God." Jesus, let us not be worse than the centurion ; let us not depart, till in our souls we feel that verily Thou art the Son of God ; and though the heavens be not dark, nor the earth rent with convulsions, make us acknowledge that here Jesus is immolated, and that here is the very same Sacrifice which was offered for the atonement of the world on Calvary.

Dearest Jesus, this is our belief, but does our conduct correspond therewith? Who lives and acts as though every altar were a Calvary where Jesus is really offered up in Sacrifice to the Eternal Father? Unbelievers eat and

drink, and make merry, and pity or contemn the ignorance of such credulity; and those who have the faith, those who hold that in the Mass Jesus mystically dies for the love of them, that His real blood is shed to wash away their sins, is their conduct very different? Enter our churches, look round, count the number of those who kneel round the foot of Golgotha's Mount, and you will not find one in a hundred of the members of the congregation present. The Redeemer is being immolated for His people, and His people are sleeping, or idling, or sinning, and will not approach Him; and so in the Mass, the same prayer ascends, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Forgive us,

Heavenly Father, forgive us, Loving Jesus, and we promise never to be indifferent to the Sacrifice of the altar. We are determined to make our actions correspond with our faith, and never to be absent from daily Mass, except when prevented by positive duty. By the Sacrifice of Calvary and Thy five wounds, we implore Thee to bless these promises, and to make them effective. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on what Faith teaches us, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

If any one ever really believed in the Sacrifice of Calvary, it was Thou, Most Blessed Virgin. Thou didst stand by the Cross, and as Thou didst

embrace it, Thou didst feel the warm blood of thy Son fall on the hands of the Mother. Thou didst hear His last words, thou didst feel the last quiver of His agonizing body, and thou didst see Him expire—a holocaust slain for the wickedness of His people. Dear Mother, we ask not at present for thy sorrow or thy love ; we want only thy faith. Make us believe that verily, day after day, thy Son is laid on this altar, that His precious blood here daily flows, and that here is offered up the very same sacrifice at which thou wast present. And when this truth has taken possession of us, it will be impossible we should not love thy Son, and esteem this Sacrifice of love as one of the greatest memorials of the love of an Incarnate God. Amen.

Seventh Visit.

ACT OF LOVE TO JESUS IN THE SACRIFICE OF
THE MASS.

GREATER love than this no man hath — that he should lay down his life for his enemies; and this proof of love, Dearest Jesus, Thou gavest to the world by dying on the Cross. But being God as well as Man, Thou couldst do more: Thou couldst take back Thy life, so that Thou mightest offer it daily again in sacrifice till the end of the world. And this manifestation of love, which man's little heart cannot comprehend, Thou hast lavished in the Sacrifice of the Mass. Here, and from a thousand

altars, Thou dost interrogate us as of old, "What is there that I ought to do more to my vineyard that I have not done to it?" Here, O Jesus, the altar is mystically purpled with Thy blood; Thy hands and feet again are riveted to the Cross; Thy side is opened with the lance; and Thy life is offered in oblation and sacrifice for us. And this not once, or in one place, but in as many places as there are altars throughout the world. And with Thee, our Saviour, daily crucified, and sacrificed on the altar for sin, how can we despond? Thou knewest, O Jesus, we should sin, and be tempted by the number of our sins to despair of forgiveness, so Thou hast made the streams of Calvary perpet-

ual and Thyself an unfailing victim. Thou didst foresee that we should forget the Sacrifice of the Cross, or look on it as an event of the past ; so Thou didst condescend to our weakness, and hast make the awful wonders of Calvary perpetual. Thou knewest that love was best evinced in suffering ; and to make us feel that Thou lovest us, Thou dost suffer and die mystically every hour for us.

Dearest Jesus, make us, we implore Thee, realize Thy fathomless love for us in the Sacrifice of the Mass. We have hearts keenly sensitive to a kind word, hearts that live for years on imaginary sympathy, hearts that are ever sounding the depths of creation to discover truth and love to confide

in ; and yet, with hearts that live on affection, and that pine and waste for the want thereof, we are cold and indifferent to Thee, and to Thy boundless love in the Sacrifice of the altar. Thy love therein reaches beyond our brightest dreams, it passes beyond all our imagination has invented ; we cannot grasp it, we cannot realize it, and so we are cold and motionless.

Jesus, our hearts cannot comprehend the love Thou hast shown in giving Thyself to us. But Thou dost not ask us to understand Thy love, but to value and profit by it. Thou askest us to be present at the sacrifice Thou art offering, that Thou mayest not be deserted and alone ; and that we should unite with Thee and offer ourselves to our Father and Thine.

Then, Dear Lord, Thou shalt have what Thou desirest. To-day we renew the promise to be present at this sacrifice, where Thou art immolated through love, as often as our circumstances will permit. We will ponder on the depth of affection here displayed; we will sympathize with Thee in all Thy sufferings, and in gratitude we will offer ourselves victims, that Thou mayest dispose of us as Thou pleasest. Accept, Dear Jesus, the offering we make, and though it is small and worthless, it is the best we have; and Thou wilt not refuse the gift, as it comes from hearts that desire sincerely to love Thee. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on the Love of Jesus in the Sacrifice of the Mass, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.


Dear Mother, if sorrow is the measure of love, then no one ever loved Jesus as thou didst in His sacrifice on Calvary. It was thy great love that made thee stand by the Cross when a sea of grief flooded thy soul, regardless of the Roman soldiers and the infuriated Jews. O that a spark of that same love could penetrate our souls ; how differently we should feel and act towards Jesus in the Sacrifice of the Mass ! Impart to us, we beseech thee, Dear Lady, some of that love which overflowed thy soul ; make us realize in some degree, at least, the boundless love which broke upon the heart of thy Son on Calvary for love of us, so

that we may be secretly drawn by the same love to attend at Mass whenever it is offered, and that the effects of this oblation and sacrifice may be visible in our conduct. Grant also, Most Holy Mary, that those who know not or are indifferent to the love of thy Son on the altar may participate in the like blessings, through the love which made thee surrender Him for the sake of all mankind on Calvary.



Eighth Visit.

THE LOVE OF JESUS IN GIVING HIMSELF IN THE
HOLY COMMUNION.

HO could have imagined, Dearest Jesus, that Thou wouldst love us so dearly? Was it not sufficient evidence of Thy boundless affection to have left Thy throne in heaven, where countless angels adored, to become man, and thus, God and Man, to live in the midst of us, as one of the poorest and most destitute? Was not this proof abundant to convince the most skeptical that Thy delights are to be with the children of men?

But what appears to us marvellous

beyond conception, is that Thou, truly God and Man, shouldst be living with us, nearer and closer to us than our dearest friends or parents, yet this could not satisfy Thy fathomless and incomprehensible love. It demanded a union far more intimate. And *then* Thy ever-abiding wisdom devised what could never be numbered among the conceptions of the human heart, and Thou, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, Jesus, the Son of Mary, didst become the food of worms. Yes, most Loving Jesus, Thou dost enter these lips and repose on these tongues, and descend into these bosoms of clay, where a union more wonderful than could ever be imagined is accomplished.

Close was the union when the little children were taken in Thy arms and blessed by Thee, when St. John at the last supper reposed on Thy bosom, and when Thou didst rest and sleep on Mary's knees ; but dearer, closer than all, is that which takes place in the Holy Communion. There is Jesus, True God, and True Man. His heart beating within His breast as it did when He was upon earth, His blood circulating in His veins, His eyes beaming on all who approach, and His countenance radiant with love ; and He becomes one with us, and we one with Him, even like two pieces of wax that are melted and joined together, and whose difference no longer appears. We do not merely touch

Him and repose. in His arms, but heart to heart, bosom to bosom, and lips to lips, we and Our Beloved are one. The union is so intimate; it is as though the heart of Jesus beat in our bosom, and His blood circulated in our veins; and, in an ecstasy of love, we may exclaim — “I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

Thus finiteness and infinity meet and embrace. Thou, Who through the ages of eternity never knewest speck or stain, before whom Seraphim and Cherubim are not without fault, takest by the hand and pressest to Thy bosom that which is nought but uncleanness and corruption; and Thou, whom all creation cannot contain, art enclosed in the narrow compass of these un-

worthy breasts, the food and nourishment of all who possess Thee.

Oh, what a goodly and precious banquet hast Thou, the Lord of Heaven, prepared for the inhabitants of the earth ! Here and in every church Thy Royal Table has been prepared. Thou, the Immaculate Lamb, hast been slain, and the very same flesh that was nailed to the Cross, the very same blood that poured from Thy crowned head and pierced heart ; the very same Jesus Christ, God and Man, who died on Calvary, art the meat and drink of all who labor and are heavily burdened in this valley of tears. None are excluded, none are denied entrance to the banquet-hall of the King of kings. It matters not whether our garments

be of the poorest texture or of purple and fine linen ; whether we are versed in the literature of the age or ignorant of the letters of the alphabet ; whether our descent be from poor or royal origin, it makes no difference — one and all are equally welcome to Thy table of love.

Dearest Jesus, teach us to comprehend the height and the depth of the love that is here displayed, and make a corresponding love spring up in our souls, so that our hearts may never be untrue to Thee. Never let us come with the least wilful sin on our souls ; never with hearts cold and hard as rocks ; never with a dead lethargy, utterly unmoved by the greatest prodigy an Omnipotent God could perform.

Never let us approach this marriage feast without having on the wedding garment, so that Thy sweet countenance may not be turned in anger upon us. Let us come with an unshaken, lively faith, and vividly realize Whom and What we are going to receive ; let us come with a keen sorrow that we could ever have been so depraved as to pain and offend One who has loved us so much ; with profound humility at our infinite unworthiness to approach and receive the Holy of Holies ; and with grateful love in return for the infinite love that has been lavished upon us. Let us come like the centurion, saying, " Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof," but only say the word, and " my soul shall be healed."

Heretofore a word from Thee filled Magdalene's heart with love; a look melted Peter's apostasy into tears of sorrow; and a wish changed Zaccheus into a saint. Let us, Dear Jesus, hear that same word to-day from Thy lips; let us see that winning look, so that sin and indifference may be driven away from our hearts, and that the love of Thee may reign there supreme.

This we implore of Thee through the same love which has made Thee remain with us day and night, and which has induced Thee to give Thyself for our food in the Blessed Sacrament. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on the Love of Jesus in giving Himself in the Holy Communion, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Most Blessed Virgin, such was the love Jesus bore to thee, that whilst on earth He never refused thy petition or rejected any offering presented by thy hands. He was satisfied with a stable for His abode, with a manger for His couch, and a little straw to sleep on, because they were prepared by thy hands. Take us, then, under thy care, and though we have no other dwelling to offer but cottages of clay, frail and weak hearts, still will He be content if they are prepared by thee. Dearest Mother, thou desirest all men to love thy Son, and to give Him a worthy reception when He visits them; grant, at least, in our regard, that this desire

may be carried out, and that whenever we approach the Holy Communion, it may be with dispositions of faith, sorrow, humility, and love such as ever dwelt in thine own heart. Amen.



Ninth Visit.

THE LOVE OF JESUS IN GIVING HIMSELF IN THE
HOLY VIATICUM.

HOW great, Dear Jesus, must be the love which induces Thee to remain in this Tabernacle day and night! How unbounded the affection which confines Thee here as a perpetual prisoner of love?

How fathomless is the love and affection which is enshrined in the Holy Communion! But how infinitely greater must be the love which forces Thee to leave the abode Thou hast chosen on earth, to visit us in our humble dwellings, and to give Thyself to us in Holy Viaticum!

When poverty has driven the poor man into courts and alleys, and stretched him on a bed of sickness, where his friends forget him, and where his wretchedness and poverty make it too humiliating for the rich even to approach, there is One, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, who does not forget him.

Even there the minister of the Blessed Sacrament, his hand pressing to his bosom a treasure beyond any which ever came from the will of the Creator, is seen approaching.

And to whom does he convey this precious boon?

Whither is the Great Creator of the universe hastening? To what favorite is the Incarnate God (Jesus

the friend, whom beggary cannot make fickle) hurrying? To none other than the poor forsaken man, whose bed is the floor, strewn with a little straw; whose pillow is a hard board, and whose covering is a sack-cloth.

When old age has dried up the strength of youth; when men, who in the spring-time of life lived in abundance, but are now in want and misery; who once had friends and relations almost without number, but who now look abroad and find that there is no heart that sympathizes with them, no eye that looks kindly on them; and who have no home left them but the workhouse—the last refuge of the pauper, where they must

spend the evening of their lives as outcasts from society — yet these too are remembered and loved.

There is One Friend, who remains true when all others fail. There is love remaining in One Heart, deep and ardent, which even the disgrace of a workhouse cannot change or chill.

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament loves men if possible more dearly than ever in their poverty. He goes to visit them, because they cannot visit Him, and when He has entered their souls, when they are one with their Beloved — when they realize with undeniable certainty that they are loved, and valued, and cared for — then the poverty and misery and

disgrace of their wretchedness become dear to them, as did the stable to Mary and Joseph.

How often, too, have their souls been flooded with consolation, because the judgments of Jesus were more merciful than those of men, because the Heart of Jesus was moved with pity and compassion for them when every other heart was turned to stone.

When fever has shattered the strength of the strong, and poisoned the air with its foul breath, so that the generous are afraid to draw near; when crime has shut the miserable delinquent in the dark prison, where there is scarcely a ray of comfort, how often have they been consoled by the presence of their Lord! how often

have they been fortified in their journey to the other world by this bread of the strong ! And when the great trial of life shall arrive for each one of us, when death shall knock at these bosoms of clay, when the hour-glass has nearly run out, when our friends and relations stand round our couch, and their words of love and sorrow fail to give hope and comfort to our fluttering, trembling hearts, then, Dear Jesus, our great trust is that Thou wilt come to us also in the Holy Viaticum, and that Thou wilt give us that peace which the world and creatures cannot give ; that Thou wilt enter our agonizing souls, and that Thou wilt make it sweet and easy for us to leave all, even our-

selves, so as to live with Thee for ever and ever.

Dearest Lord, we are confounded at such profusion of love on Thy part and such coldness on ours.

Visit not, we beseech Thee, our ingratitude and tepidity by a withdrawal of Thy love. Punish us as Thou wilt, but one request deny us not. Whenever and however death overtakes us, be with us in that dreadful moment. Come to us in the Holy Viaticum, that we may lean upon Thee in the fearful struggle, and never leave us till the victory is won, till we have secured the crown which Thou hast purchased for us with Thy precious blood; and that we may obtain this priceless blessing, make us visit Thee and stay with Thee on the altar whilst

we have health and strength, so that Thou mayest not desert us in the hour of sickness and death. Let that day be sad in which we have not seen and heard Thee, so that when the time of trial comes, when we are prostrated by sickness, and when the hour of death is approaching, we may be visited and consoled by Thee. May we receive Thee into our bosoms, and resting on Thee, Who art our joy, our treasure, and our hope, may we pass from death to life, and enjoy Thy presence, in its unclouded beauty, through all eternity.

This, Dear Jesus, is the hope of our lives, and will be our only consolation in death. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on the Love of Jesus in the Holy Viaticum, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

In thee, Most Blessed Virgin, we trust, as a most powerful protectress, and through thee we hope for every favor. How often hast thou sheltered us from danger, hast thou watched over us, when we were utterly unmindful of thee, and hast thou pleaded our pardon when we merited the anger of thy Son! Add, then, one more blessing to the rest, which will be the consummation of all.

When the last struggle has come ; when death with all its terrors has encompassed us ; when our hearts sicken at the dark gulf over which we must pass, dividing time and eternity ; bring thy Son Jesus to console

us, let us have the privilege of receiving Him in the Holy Viaticum, and do not abandon us in that dreadful hour. Let thy sweet face beam on us; let thy loving hand soothe and support us. May our last look be on Jesus and Mary, and our last words Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Amen.



Tenth Visit.

PETITIONS TO JESUS IN THE HOLY VIATICUM.

WHO does not dread the bitterness of death? Who does not shrink from the wrench that must sever every fibre that has grown strongly around our hearts for years? Yet, who does not feel that death would lose many of its terrors if we were sure that it would be no stranger who would aid us in that last struggle, no careless hand that would wipe away the damps of death from our brow? But of this we may feel sure.

We may now secure that comfort for our last hour. We may now summon the most faithful of our friends, and

know that He will not fail us, whenever and wherever we are overtaken by the awful moment, that comes nearer and nearer to each one of us.

Dearest Jesus, we may not then have strength to call upon Thee ; our voice may refuse its utterance, and our minds clouded and enfeebled by sickness, may not even remember Thy beloved name. Now, whilst we have strength. we beseech Thee, O Lord, to be with us in that dreadful moment, when we shall no longer be able to draw near to Thy Holy altar, and feed upon the food of angels. Then come Thyself from Thy throne. Leave, we implore Thee, the quiet tabernacle and the sanctuary, where no rude sounds break the holy stillness ; and come, and pass

even through the streets of this unbelieving city. Come ; yes, we dare ask it, O Lord, of Thee, Who art the Creator of the great universe, the Omnipotent, the Lamb of God, come, and visit thy poor servants who can no longer draw near to Thee ; enter the poor chamber so unworthy of Thy divine presence ; enter the cold heart whose fluttering throbs are almost stilled ; and as Thou hast never failed us in life, fail us not in that dreadful moment.

Dearest Lord, lonely and miserable indeed is the deathbed where Thou art not ; dreary and difficult the journey to the other world if Thou dost not lead the way. Yet, if we love and trust Thee, we may feel sure that Thou

wilt not then desert us in the hour of trial; and Thou wilt not leave us alone, when Thy presence is most needed.

Let us now offer Thee our humble thanksgiving for the last and greatest of Thy gifts, as we may not then have strength to pray to thee.

Ye holy angels who worship round the tabernacle, thank Him now for us, and in that solemn moment attend upon your King and your Lord, and supply for what His earthly creatures do not give Him. Say all our lips should utter and our hearts feel in that dreadful moment.

And what shall we ask Thee, Dearest Lord, to do for us then? We will venture to ask of Thee the office that friend would perform for friend.

Speak peace, Dear Jesus, to our terrified souls; disperse the fears that will then gather round us, remind us who is beside us, and bid us lean upon Thee. Do, O Lord, what none but Thyself can do — promise never again to leave us.

Drive far from us the crowd of evil spirits who will strive to approach us; unloose the too firm hold of earthly things; untie with Thy gentle and wounded hands the fibres of our hearts that cling so fast round human affections; let our weary heads rest on Thy bosom till the struggle is over, and our cold forms fall back, dust and ashes; and then, Dear Lord, bear with Thee the freed spirit Thou hast toiled and striven to gain, to the home

purchased with Thy own Precious Blood which Thou hast prepared for it for all eternity. Amen.

Let us renew for a few minutes our Petitions to Jesus in the Holy Viaticum, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.


Mary, Dear Mother, when our last hour arrives, when the priest has uttered the final address, "Go forth, Christian soul," when the crucifix has been kissed for the last time, when our enemies surround us, when danger is near, and our hearts are weak and temptation presses, how can we escape through so many perils? To whom can we turn for help in that terrible moment, when our eternal destinies are

trembling in the balance, but to thee, our Mother? Thou art the powerful Queen of Heaven. Oh, look down upon us, then, with that beaming glance which will revive and comfort the downcast, and disperse the mists which will hide the light of God's love from our souls. Stand by our bedside in that awful struggle, that the Evil One may not approach; and as this world and friends fail from our sight, make the vision of heaven dawn upon us: let our last breath be one long, deep sigh to be in our Father's house — and thus, under thy guidance, let us pass out of this world, to be happy with thy Son and with thee, forever and ever. Amen.



Eleventh Visit.

FAITH IN THE SACRED HEART OF OUR LORD.

E believe that on the altar there is the very Heart of Jesus which was formed out of the pure blood of the Blessed Virgin; which, during a life of thirty-three years, beat with one desire, to live and die for us; that moved our Saviour, when eight days old, to shed His blood for our sakes; which was filled with sorrow because men would not see the things that were for their peace; which was constrained with compassion when the sinner, the widow, the orphan, and the hungry came before Him; which St. John, at the last supper, felt throb-

bing with love ; and which was finally torn open by the soldier's lance on Calvary. We declare that the very same Heart is upon the altar, as unchangeable, as unvarying, and as loving as ever It was. That It is ever thinking of us, ever observing the least thing that concerns us ; participating in our joys, sharing our sorrows, begging of us to accept Its love and sympathy, and promising that It will wipe the tears from our eyes, and extract the thorns from our wounds. This is our belief, and so unwavering is it, that we hold that if we had the vision of angels, we should at this instant see before us on the altar the glorified body of our Lord as the Blessed do now in heaven ; through the wound in His

side we should behold His Sacred Heart, and the Precious Blood circulating through His veins, and we should gaze face to face on Jesus, true God and true Man.

Most tender, compassionate, and loving Heart of Jesus, the one longing of our poor nature is to find something that we may love and trust.

And because we are human we are always craving for a person with flesh and blood, and a heart and feelings like our own, to love, and by whom to be loved in return. We are always longing for some one to confide in, upon whom we may safely rest, and whose constancy no storm will ever wreck. And when we have vainly fancied we have found such a person,

and such a heart, so deep has been our love, that for the possession thereof, we have been prepared to make any sacrifice, even of our souls and of heaven. But, alas! how soon were we aroused from our reverie, how quickly did we find the truth we anchored our faith on to be a base falsehood; the constancy for which we would have died, but quicksand; and the love that would have made earth a paradise, a viper's fascination, leaving nothing but its poisonous sting behind.

Yet whilst we are filled with sadness for unsatisfied hopes, whilst the memory of withered loves and broken friendships throws a sadness over our brightest days, here is a Person before us with flesh and blood; here is a

Heart, with love, truth, and constancy beyond all our imaginings. Here is Jesus, who alone can fully satisfy the almost infinite void in our bosoms. And why do we not approach Him? Are we afraid to trust even Him, because we have so often been cheated; and are we unwilling to risk another wound of disappointment to the hearts that have already suffered so much?

If so, remember that Jesus is also God—that He cannot deceive us, that the duration and intensity of His love depend upon ourselves, and that there is only one thing that can produce a change in that love—our own inconstancy. The Heart of Jesus is beyond all that which makes men so fickle

and worthless — beauty, position, poverty, sickness, and disease.

Why, then, should we be sad and downcast when we have at length found the precious gem we have been seeking through life? Why should not our lives be renewed as the eagle's, when the want that has been undermining our existence has been supplied! Oh, if we have love in our hearts, let us give it to Jesus; if we are pining in the midst of the blessings God showers on us, because we have no one to love us, let us make a trial of the love of Jesus; and if man's inconstancy has well-nigh made us skeptics, let us forget it in the truthfulness and constancy of Jesus, and, even thus late, we shall experience the

unspeakable joys of loving and being loved in return.

Dear Jesus, we have sinned and erred ; we have gone after creatures, we have given them what would have secured Thy love, and we confess that they have not satisfied us. But now we renounce them forever, and throw ourselves before Thee, begging Thee to accept us. Punish us, try us, but do not cast us off. We know that we have no claim on Thee, because the best of our life is wasted and spent ; but Thy delight is to show wonders. Accept us, then ; let Thy heart be our strength and support ; let us find therein the love, friendship, and sympathy which the world does not possess ; and let Thy heart be our joy in life, our

repose in death, and the portion of our inheritance for all eternity. Amen.

Let us reflect a few minutes on what Faith teaches us, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Blessed Mother, no heart ever so resembled thy Son's as thine own ; or was so full of resignation, humility, and every other virtue. Thy heart flinched from no difficulty ; it shrank from no trial ; and though the iron lance entered it not, yet a sword of grief pierced it. Oh, that our hearts could be like thine ; and that they could as much resemble thy Son's heart. Mary, Queen of Heaven, thou art all-powerful with thy Son. Ask Him to mould

our hearts, that they may bring forth some of the virtue that shone forth in thee. Obtain this for us, and we will love thee in life and death, and do all we can to make thy named praised and known. Amen.



Twelfth Visit.

ACT OF REPARATION TO THE SACRED HEART
OF JESUS.



DEAR Jesus, we approach Thy sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament. We believe that It is here, the same as It was when heretofore It moved Thee to solace sorrow in every shape—to mourn for Lazarus, to weep for Jerusalem, to pity the widow of Naim, and to comfort the women who followed Thee to Calvary. We confess that It is here, day after day, and year after year, never wearying, never changing, sympathizing with, cheering, and comforting all who approach Thee.

Oh, what an unremitting, perpetual task of love has Thy Heart undertaken for mankind! And what is the return, Dear Lord, men make Thee? Whilst a few acknowledge Thee as King, and love to kneel in the shadow of Thy presence, pondering over the prodigies of Thy love and tender kindness, the multitude cry out, "We have no king but Cæsar," and condemn Thee as an usurper and an impostor. They see Thee, and they wag their heads and point their fingers, and say, "If He be King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe Him." They see the poor buildings Thou hast chosen for Thy habitation, and there is a curse and a blasphemy as they pass along.

Yet, Dear Lord, it was not always so. There was a time when the palaces of the land were Thine, when the churches which are the pride of the land were Thine — when Durham was Thine, when York was Thine, when Canterbury was Thine, when Salisbury and Gloucester were Thine, when Ely and Peterborough were Thine — when all that was rich and costly was given Thee, and when with one heart and voice all the inhabitants of the land loved and praised Thee.

But the people of Thy household have betrayed Thee. Like Peter, they swore they did not know Thee, and they left Thee in the hands of Thy enemies. And, Dear Jesus, how badly have those enemies treated Thee!

There were traitors among them, who sold Thee; soldiers, who threw Thee on the ground; executioners, who poured out Thy blood in the dust; believers, who plundered Thy churches, violated Thy sanctuaries, and broke down Thy altars; and who refused to give Thee shelter, and forced Thee to take up Thy abode in some miserable dwelling, poor as the stable in which Thou wast born.

And would that this were all. How many are there calling themselves Thy friends, who month after month renew the treachery of Judas, who betray Thee with a kiss, who receive Thee sacrilegiously, and so grieve and wound Thy heart, that if Thou wert not immortal and impassible, the blood would

be forced from Thy veins, and Gethsemane would again be renewed. How many are there professing belief in Thee whose disgraceful conduct in Thy churches, and whose whole lives are a practical denial of Thy existence among us, and who, as far as they are able, again take the lance and split open Thy heart daily on the altar. How many are there, in fine, who by their levity and irreverence in Thy presence, strike and buffet Thee as did the Jews, and so afflict Thy heart that the reproach of old is continually heard from the altar, "What evil have I done Thee, that Thou shouldst act thus?"

And this is the return Thy heart has met with from those It has loved

so much. But we rejoice, Dear Jesus, that there are still a few faithful souls, who, like Thy Mother and Mary of Salome, have never abandoned Thee amid all the ignominies to which Thy enemies have subjected Thee.

We, therefore, unite ourselves with these, and prostrate before Thee, we offer Thee all the love and gratitude our poor hearts are capable of, in compensation for the injuries Thou hast received. We also unite ourselves to the countless spirits who ever kneel in adoration before Thy Sacred Heart on the altar, and we desire from the depth of our souls that their undying love and fidelity may be the compensation for the ingratitude and coldness of men. We are grieved to the bottom

of our souls for all the insults and blasphemies that have been offered to Thee; for all the sacrilegious communions that have been made; for all the forgetfulness, coldness, and indifference shown by Catholics, and by ourselves, perhaps the most ungrateful of all. Jesus! the offering we make Thee is poor and worthless. All we can give Thee are wishes and desires. Most sincerely do we wish that it might be on earth, as it is in heaven, that all might believe in Thee, and with one voice proclaim the wonders of the Love of the Sacred Heart.

Above all do we desire to be ever Thine; never to forget Thee, and all that Thy heart has done and suffered.

Make our hearts, we beseech Thee,

daily more and more like Thine own ;
make others love and serve Thee
better, that the united love and ser-
vice of those who acknowledge Thee
as their Lord may be a slight compen-
sation for the malice of Thy enemies.
Amen.

*Let us for a few minutes offer some Acts of Re-
paration to the Sacred Heart, and make a
Spiritual Communion.*

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Most sorrowful Mother, what a sharp
sword it was that pierced thy soul !
The blow that struck Jesus fell upon
thee also. His grief overwhelmed
thee. His wounds gave thee fresh
anguish. And as the Passion of thy
Son is daily renewed on the altar, truly

the sword of grief must be daily transfixing thy soul, and His sorrows must be ever making fresh inroads into thy heart.

O Mother of love and sorrow, thou didst stand faithful to Jesus when the world deserted Him ; thou didst love Him when all despised Him ; and thou didst sorrow with Him when there was none to comfort. Oh, teach us to love Him like thee ! Teach us to keep watch at the altar, as thou didst on Calvary, that we may love and adore Jesus in the midst of forgetfulness, contempt, and ignominies. And if to obtain love and constancy we must suffer, let it be so ; but pray for us that all which comes from the hand of God may be dear to us — even suffering, sorrow, and death itself. Amen.

Thirteenth Visit.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

NOW foolish and inconsistent we are, Dear Lord! We cherish as a prize an olive-leaf from Gethsemane, because, eighteen centuries ago, Thy blood fell on the ground where it grew. We reckon a piece of Calvary's rock a precious stone, because, long since, it was moistened by the purple streams from Thy five wounds. We value beyond burnished gold one of the thorns, one of the nails, a fragment of the Cross, because they touched Thy sacred flesh, and are stained with Thy Precious Blood.

Gladly do we make pilgrimages and

kneel for hours before the shrine that contains a relic of Thy Precious Blood. We fancy it would be ecstasy to walk on the road to Golgotha, and to kiss and moisten with our tears the sacred mount, because they were once purpled with the Blood of Jesus.

We thank God with gratitude, and our hearts swell, and our tears flow, when we think of the power and efficacy of this life-giving stream. We calculate and say, how lovely, how adorable, how beyond price It must be, when a single drop outweighed the sins of four thousand years, and left atonement sufficient for as many more, till the end of the world; when Its touch, or rather Its shadow, is able in the Sacrament to snap every link of

sin which binds the soul, and makes it a slave; and which is abundant to satisfy for any debt, any crime of rebellion, that any number of creatures can commit against the Creator.

Then we represent the Precious Blood in heaven, in an indefinite somewhere. We pray to It, we adore It, and we join the Confraternity in Its honor.

But if our devotion goes no further, how unpractical is it, how visionary is it, to be satisfied with the memory of the Precious Blood in Gethsemane, on Calvary, and in heaven; when we have, not something It has touched, not a drop; but the whole of It, with Its boundless power, and infinite efficacy, on the altar!

Here It is, flowing in the veins of our Blessed Lord, in the Holy Eucharist; here It is in the Mass, whole and entire in the Chalice; here It is, still redeeming the world, still cancelling sin, and still reclothing the sin-stained soul with the nuptial garment.

Look up, Jesus is before us; every muscle and fibre of His Body are there. He is not dead, but living, His pulse is beating, and His Precious blood is circulating from His Sacred Heart, through every vein and artery. This is our faith, and yet how cold is our devotion! Confraternities in honor of the Precious Blood, relics from the Holy Land, and visits to distant climes, lose half their value if they do not lead to the clear knowledge, the

full appreciation and adoration of the Precious Blood in the Blessed Sacrament. Here only can all true devotion to the Precious Blood find its consummation. Here all must come if they wish to have the merits of the Precious Blood abundantly applied to them; and here will we come, here will we tarry, as often as the plague-spot of sin appears on our souls, that the sight of the Precious Blood may chase it away. And when we are healed of our infection, we will come here and recount the wonders of the Precious Blood. We will pour out our love and gratitude, and implore that all who are in sin may come under its influence and be healed.

And because we are weak and frail,

we will do more. We will come and receive into our souls that life-giving Blood in the Blessed Sacrament, that in Its power we may be able to resist every temptation and conquer all our spiritual enemies.

Here, Dear Jesus, is, we trust, a genuine desire, though it comes from weak and fickle hearts.

Oh, give these hearts steadiness and fidelity, that so these resolutions may be effectual and practical! Amen.

**Let us reflect a few minutes on the Precious Blood in the Blessed Sacrament, and make a Spiritual Communion.*

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Let not, Dear Lady, the Precious Blood of thy Son be shed for us in

vain. It was poured out for the Jews, and though It fell so copiously that their hands and garments were stained therewith, It was not for their salvation, but condemnation. And the same will be our fate unless we are powerfully supported by thee. Help us then, and let us never return to sin, and so frustrate the work of the Precious Blood; let It be our support and strength against temptation and every evil; let It irrigate our souls, and soften their hardness, that so they may bring forth every fruit and flower pleasing to thy Son. Thus shall we gratify thee, whose children we are, and whom we love and desire to serve. Amen.

Fourteenth Visit.

BENEDICTION.

NOW happy, Dear Jesus, were the mothers who brought their children to Thee, and saw them taken into Thy arms and blessed! How happy the innocent young lives that were thus consecrated! How happy, too, were the sick who met the divine compassionate look of Thy loving eyes, and rose, strong and thankful, to live for Thee; and most happy those miserable outcasts who found nothing but scorn from their fellow-men, and on whose broken hearts fell Thy words of forgiveness and blessing!

But we need not envy them. On the altar there are the same eyes watching us now, the same pity in Thy Sacred Heart, the same arms held out to receive us, the same loving voice calling us, and asking if we can doubt or fear, when the same blessing descends upon our souls.

In the morning we gather round the altar at Holy Mass, to secure the strength we need for the duties of life, and to offer up the coming day, with its fears and hopes, its struggles and difficulties. In the evening, when the shadows gather round; when we are footsore and weary, our souls stained with the dust of the busy day, tired and worn with defeat, or with some hard-earned victory; then we, Thy

children, once more draw near to Thee, and Thou dost fold us in Thy arms, and Thou dost bless the work we have done for Thee, and Thou dost accept our thanksgiving, and Thou dost comfort our hearts.

O Jesus, to be blessed by Thee! surely no day can be dreary with such a close. Here we may forget everything but that Thou art our Father, and we are Thy children forever and ever.

Here for a while the world is no longer remembered, the vision of heaven comes vividly before us, and for an instant we fancy we are already there. We see the lights are kindled like stars, one by one; the fragrant clouds of incense rise; voices and

music are blended in harmony; and we raise up our eyes, and Thou art on Thy throne, in the blaze of Thy glory. We are face to face with Thee, Jesus, the compassionate Son of Mary, and the words die away on our lips, and we can only bow down and adore Thee in silence. And whilst we kneel before Thee, Dear Lord, and scarcely dare to lift up our eyes to Thee, Thou art reading our every thought, and giving us what we need, and what is best for each;—strength, if we are weak; light, if we are blind; hope, if we are downcast; comfort, if we grieve; counsel, if we are doubtful; and rest, if we are weary.

Then the sorrow that has fretted us all day, the disappointments that have

fallen coldly one by one upon our hearts and chilled them, the very bitterness of life itself — all seem dear and precious to us ; and for a while we feel and know that it is indeed blessed to mourn, when we are so comforted ; and we rejoice in our very helplessness, because it casts us so utterly on Thee.

And though we have to mourn over the sins, the weaknesses, and the shortcomings of the past day, no word of menace escapes Thee, no warning, no judgment ; only as a Father dost Thou bless Thy children, and none but those who receive can tell how much of forgiveness, of love, and of consolation passes from Thy Heart in that moment of silence.

Then, Dearest Lord, bless us, for

Thy blessing holds all good that we can imagine or conceive; and when we ask Thy blessing, suffer us to ask it not only for ourselves, but for all who are dear to us, and let the far-spread wings of Thy love overshadow them also. Bless us, then, Dear Jesus, and let Thy blessing contain what Thou wilt; two things we plead for: pardon for not heretofore valuing Thy Benediction, and for seldom or never coming to be blessed by Thee. And with Thy pardon, give us, most Loving Lord, an unshaken determination never to be absent from the Church when Thou art about to bless Thy people; never to allow our friends, conversation, amusements, indifference, the weather, or any excuse but positive

duty, to prevent us participating in the happiness which Thy blessing contains.

Yes, we will always come to Thee ; we will come to Thee when the day's work is done, and Thy blessing will give us rest and repose. We will come when tempests gather round us, and sorrows inundate our souls, and Thy blessing will still the storm and soothe our aching hearts. We will come and bring our children to be blessed by Thee, and Thy blessing will make them grow up and imitate Thy example. We will come, and bring those who neither love nor serve Thee, and Thy blessing will soften and change their souls. We will come, Dear Jesus, to be blessed by Thee ; and let Thy bless-

ing contain one favor more, that which Thou gavest to Thy disciples when they saw Thee ascend to Thy Father ; that which stilled and calmed the troubles of their life, nor forsook them in the stormy passage of death — Thy peace, Dearest Jesus, to remain in our hearts forever and ever.

Let us reflect a few minutes on the happiness of receiving the Blessing of Jesus, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Hail, most pure Flower ! the world, cursed by its Creator, marvels to have borne thee. Mary, full of grace, thou dost bring hope to Eve's sorrowing children, and joy to our drooping hearts. And as the fair dawn an-

nounces the sun of day, so thou dost tell of our Redeemer, and that the Son of God has surely risen. Thy prayers, purer and more ardent than the vows of patriarchs and prophets, drew down from heaven the Son of the Most High, for the "Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us."

To thee, then, we come — we who are orphans and exiles in this vale of tears, with no friend or mother to present us to Jesus, to receive His blessing — asking thee to discharge this maternal office in our regard, to secure for us the blessing of thy Son, that His Benediction may warm and vivify our cold and barren hearts. Blessed Virgin, show thyself a Mother, and we promise by all means in our power to live and act as thy children. Amen.

Fifteenth Visit.

GRATITUDE.

NOW many favors and blessings, Dearest Jesus, have we to be grateful for! We have the Immaculate heart of Thy Mother, our sweetest refuge, the true home of the desolate, our strength and our shield. We have the Holy Sacraments, which, like seven suns, light up the vast empire of the Church. We have guides and guardians, and who are they? Winged angels, crowned with stars, whose home is near the throne of the Most High. We have friends who love us with a great love, and watch our every step anxiously, and are ready

to stretch out their arms and aid us ; and who are they ? Prophets and Apostles, who know the secrets of God ; Martyrs with their palm-branches, who have met and vanquished death ; Virgins bearing lilies, not whiter or purer than themselves ; and the countless host of the glorified Saints, whose hearts beat in unison with our own, and who once more seem to struggle and to conquer, because we, their brethren, are still in the battle.

And what material treasures does not the earth contain ? The Holy Places in far-off Palestine, where the ground was bathed in the blood of Jesus ; the olive-trees which saw the suffering and the agony of the Creator ; and the very tomb where He slept.

We have the sacred relics of those who are now in heaven; the very garments they wore, nay, the very bones of those heroic soldiers of Christ.

And more precious than aught else that is sacred and holy and consecrated to God, we have the very wood of that Cross which was Thy deathbed, Dear Jesus! and by which Mary stood three long hours.

And if we turn to Thee, Dear Jesus, on this altar, is there any gift upon it that is not Thine? Is there any joy apart from Thee, or any delight of which the source is not here, and which, after gladdening our hearts, does not again return to be lost in Thee for ever?

Was it not Mary whom Thou gavest

to us to be our Mother, after leaving us Thyself in the Adorable Sacrament; and can we even in thought separate those divine legacies? Can we come here after the daily Sacrifice is over, and not remember that Mary's Immaculate Heart is ours because Thou hast given It to us from the Cross?

And what are Thy Sacraments but bonds which knit our souls to Thee, cords which bind us to the altar, glistening pearls found in the bitter stream of sorrow that flooded Thy heart, and jewels above all price, hidden here as in a mine of love! And though Thou didst depute Thy angels to watch over us, Thy anxious love was not satisfied, and Thou art come Thyself to be near

to us, and to guide and guard us with a watchful tenderness which those gentle guardians never feel. And why do Thy saints love us, but that we are Thy children, and so we have become their brethren? Why do they care for us, but because Thou hast taught them to do so? Why do they plead for us, but because they know Thou longest to forgive more than we to be forgiven? Why do they wish for our souls to be in heaven, but only to adore Thee? They have gazed on Thy Heart and have read our names, written upon It; and so their love is but the faint echo of Thine own.

Happy indeed are the pilgrims who journey to the places made sacred by Thee; but why should we envy them,

when each day the mystery of Nazareth is here renewed, and every altar is a Calvary? Have we not here the blood that sanctified those places, and do not our hearts again and again become sepulchres where Thou art buried? Dear, indeed, to us are the relics of Thy saints; but have we not here, not a relic of Thee, but Thyself; not a shred of Thy garments, but Thy own Body and Blood; not Thy Cross, but Thee, Who didst consecrate it, Who didst die for us, and Who now reignest for ever in heaven?

Thanks and praise a thousand times, Dear Lord, for all Thy gifts, and in particular for the great gift of faith—for the high privilege of being members of Thy Catholic Church, in which

and around which all Thy gifts cluster.

We will ponder upon Thy gifts, we will be deeply grateful for them, and that we may never be unmindful of them, we promise to make, at least once a week, a special act of thanksgiving.

Again, we thank and praise Thee for all Thou hast done for us — for the love which gave Thee to us; but more, far more than all, for this Gift of gifts on the altar, and for the infinite love that dwells here. Teach us, we implore Thee, to give Thee all we have in return for Thy gifts, and to give ourselves entirely to Thee, as a poor thanksgiving, truly, but as the best, the only one we can offer for Thy

own beloved Presence here -on the Altar. Amen.

*Let us reflect a few minutes on God's Gifts, and
make a Spiritual Communion.*

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Mother of God, the world and what it contains so absorbs our minds and senses that we seldom think of God's gifts and that which contains them all—the Blessed Sacrament on the Altar. Thou, on the contrary, wert utterly abstracted from the world; thou didst think of nothing, thou didst care for nothing, and thou didst love nothing but God, thy Son. Teach us, we beseech thee, the secret of doing the same. Make us value God's gifts and the Author of them

more than we do. Teach us to keep close to thee, that, having thy example before us, we may be ashamed of our conduct, and may be induced to imitate thine. Despise not, O Mother of God, the petitions of thy humble children, but hear and grant our prayer. Amen.



Sixteenth Visit.

INGRATITUDE.

NOW is it, Dearest Jesus, that we find it so difficult to love Thee? Our hearts, surely, are not naturally ungrateful, for they respond to every kind word, and cherish for years the memory of benefits received. How is it that towards Thee alone they are cold and unmoved, and that Thy favors and love produce in them no emotion, no thrill of joy?

We come into Thy presence, and we cannot find a single word to say. If we purpose a visit to Thee of a few minutes, we wonder and puzzle ourselves how we can fill up the time, and

scarcely have we entered the church when we are tired, and anxious to join those who have a stronger hold on our affections than Thou, Dear Jesus. And because Thou dost not unveil Thy glory as on Thabor, and force us to feel that it is good for us to be here — because Thou dost not overwhelm us with delight — all the time we are in Thy presence we are careless and indifferent about Thee. And when we return to our occupations, and temptations and trials overtake us, we complain of the little help God gives us to love Him — of the difficulties and obstacles in the road leading to heaven; and we throw the blame on Thee, Dearest Lord, for the impediments we have laid down with our own hands.

But would that our ingratitude ended here! Thou dost give Thyself to us in the Holy Communion that our souls may be strengthened to bear manfully the burthens of life, and to pass through its storms unharmed; and yet perhaps it is years since we knelt at these Communion rails, and perchance the last time that we sat at the Banquet Feast of the King of kings, and feasted on the Immaculate Flesh of the Lamb that was slain, the treachery of Judas was in our hearts! Thou dost offer Thyself on every altar in daily Sacrifice, that our sins and those of the world may be taken away; and, though we have time and opportunity, we never think of hearing Mass, except when bound to do so on

Sundays and holy days. Night after night Thy hands are raised to bless us, and to distribute what we need most, and we seldom or never come to participate therein. We are as utterly unconcerned as though we did not value Thee nor Thy gifts. This, alas, is the return we make Thee, Lord, for Thy favors; this is our appreciation of Thy love!

Yet, surely, it ought not to be difficult to visit Thee, and to converse with Thee. How many afflictions, how many troubles of mind and body, are there to tell Thee! How many graces and blessings to supplicate, how many sins and transgressions are there to weep for! How many acts of love ought to be poured forth for Thy un-

numbered mercies! How many acts of faith and hope, how many heartfelt petitions ought to ascend for our friends, and for the conversion of those who neither know nor love Thee!

And if our visits to the Altar were thus occupied, in return Thou wouldst speak to us, Thou wouldst hear our petitions, Thou wouldst extract the bitterness from our sorrow, Thou wouldst gird our loins, and make us giants to fight Thy battles, and Thou wouldst make life a pleasant journey, terminating in the enjoyment of Thyself for eternity.

And for all this how little dost Thou demand! Thou dost not require us to relinquish our business, our occupations, our amusements, or our friends;

but in the midst of these to think of Thee, and to spare a few moments now and then to converse with Thee. Thou dost not require us to leave the world, and to shut ourselves up in monasteries, away from the afflictions and temptations of life; but Thou desirest that we should assist at daily Mass, that we should be frequent communicants, and that we should value Thy blessing, in order that the trials of life may be easily borne.

Dearest Jesus, Thy wish shall be ours. We will promise not to forget Thee any more. We pledge ourselves to visit Thee a few minutes every day; and, if prevented by positive duty, to do so in spirit. We promise to assist at daily Mass whenever we are able,

to receive the Holy Communion at least once a month, and to allow no excuse but duty to deprive us of a participation in Thy blessing. And if this time we prove untrue, punish us as Thou pleasest. But let not our ingratitude to Thee, let not our cold indifference to Thy presence among us prevent Thee from coming to us in the Holy Viaticum whenever death overtakes us. Let us not, we beseech Thee, Most Forgiving Jesus, in that dreadful hour, be deprived of Thee, Who art our first beginning and our last end. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes beg pardon from our hearts for our Ingratitude, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.


If we have ever made a genuine act of love to thee, O Mother of God; if we have ever defended thee against thy enemies, and published thy praises; if we have ever visited thy statue, put flowers at thy feet, and a crown of roses on thy head; if we have desired, though always failing, to surpass all others in devotion to thee; then, in return, give us what we petition for from the depths of our souls. Train our tongues and lips to speak to thy Son; school our minds to think of Him; so adjust the fibres of our hearts that we may love Him, and that our bodies and souls may find repose and comfort with Him.

This is what we ask ; and if thou hearest our prayers, we promise each day to love and think of thee more and more. Amen.



Seventeenth Visit.

COLDNESS.

ET us imagine that the wonderful mystery of our Lord's presence on the Altar was now revealed for the first time. With what wonder should we be filled; and what is the return we should expect from those on whom such a gift had been bestowed? Surely, we should think, men will live and die with this one only thought in their hearts — Jesus is amongst us! Surely, some worshippers will be always lingering by the Tabernacle; and at the earliest dawn assembled watchers will be waiting at the door of the Sanctuary till they are

permitted to approach ! Surely, Jesus will never be left entirely alone ! Surely, when the doors of His abode are open, and His words are heard, “Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavily burthened, and I will refresh you,” none will pass by without entering ! Surely, wrapt in communion with their God, His servants will forget pleasure — nay, even be tempted to forget the daily duties of life ! Surely, there will be no sorrow in the world, because all can be brought here and cured ; all jars and tumults will cease, because Jesus is on earth and can change it into heaven !

And is it so in reality ? Oh, Jesus, how bitter is the contrast between this dream of what we might expect and

the sorrowful truth! Dear Lord, let us confess to Thee how little honor we pay Thee. At the daily Sacrifice how seldom are we present! How careful we are not to be too early, as if our time would be wasted should a little more than the allotted portion be spent in Thy presence! And while the Holy Sacrifice is being offered, how carelessly we pray! how cold we are! how impatient for the conclusion! how glad we are when the time comes to leave Thee, and then during the day how seldom we visit Thee! Do we once in the week, once in the month — except when we are bound to come to hear Mass. And when we are in Thy presence in the church, do we think any more of Thee than if the Blessed Eu-

charist had never been instituted? What an effort it requires to drag us to receive Thy Benediction! How often dost Thou leave the Tabernacle that more ardent and generous love may be elicited in the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament! and do not hours pass, and days pass, and we never come near Thee?

We have plenty of time to spend with those we care for, but the day passes by and we have no leisure to bestow upon Thee; the hours weigh heavily on us, and we gladly take up the first attraction that offers itself to kill the *ennui* of life, but we seldom dream of giving even such moments to Thee. And when we do come, how long the few moments we remain seem,

and too often how irreverent is our manner!

Dearest Jesus, Thou hast laid aside the terrors of Thy awful Majesty through love of us, and we presume upon that very humility of Thine to treat Thee as we would not treat an earthly superior. We act towards Thee as we would not dare to do to a neighbor, or even a servant. Pardon, most merciful Lord, that we presume even to say these things to Thee. We, Thy creatures, venture to confess that we have despised Thee, our Redeemer and Saviour, and Thou dost not punish us. Still patient, Thy unchanging and loving Sacred Heart lies here only to forgive and to heal.

Hear us now, we beseech Thee, and

revenge Thyself in Thy mercy on us ; fill our souls with a deep awe and reverence for Thy Holy Presence, so that we may bear home with us the thoughts of thee, never to leave us. Take our hearts now, cold as they are, imperfect as they are, fickle and inconstant as they are. We leave them here at the foot of Thy tabernacle, for our treasure is here. Call us as Thou didst call those faithful servants who rose and left all and followed Thee. Look upon us as Thou didst once look upon Peter, who never after forgot that loving reproach ; and henceforth, Dear Jesus, let every day be spent in an earnest desire to efface our past coldness and indifference by a deep and grateful love of Thy Sacred and Adorable

Presence with us, Thy unworthy children. Let the moments spent in visiting Thee, at Mass, Benediction, and Exposition, be the happiest, the sweetest, the brightest of our lives. Let the sacred mystery of the Altar be the reality of our existence, the recollection of Thee our safeguard, and the knowledge of Thee our joy, before which all earthly joys shall grow dim and pale. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes conceive great sorrow for our coldness, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

O Blessed Virgin, our Mother, Mother of our God, the first Sanctuary, the first Altar on which the Heart and

Soul, and Body and Blood of Jesus reposed, thou alone wert worthy of being united to Him, thou alone couldst read the secrets of His love, which we perceive dimly through the shadows of faith, and thou alone madest a suitable return for His favors. Immaculate Mary, deign to instruct us who desire to love thy Son; deign to conduct us to the Sanctuary, where thy Son is our neighbor, our companion, and friend; deign, when we have once approached, that we may be so enamored with His presence that we may never grow weary thereof. Let Mass, and Benediction, and Exposition, and visiting thy Son be dear to us, so that we may never omit them without remorse. Best and tenderest of all

Mothers, do thou thyself guard us, that we may never more be unfaithful to Jesus, especially in this mystery of His love. Amen.

11



Eighteenth Visit.

JESUS, THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

NOW many, O Lord, are there who are the sheep of Thy fold, but who know Thee not, and do not hear Thy voice? How many are there in this congregation who prefer to wander and to be lost among the mountains rather than to feast on Thy pastures—to live on the husks of swine rather than to be satiated with Thy delight? These, Jesus, are Thine own, to whom Thou hast come, amongst whom Thou dost live, and with whom Thou dost dwell; and these, Thine own, receive Thee not.

There are others, who are not of

this fold, wandering in darkness, whose eyes long to see the light of Israel, and whose hearts yearn to rejoice in God and their Saviour—men whose motives and actions have put those of the household of the Faith to shame, and who, if they were numbered among its members, would be a glory to the Church. Among all those are, perhaps, some who are connected with us by blood and relationship, parents or children, or kindred, or those who are bound to us by sympathy or kindness; and for these we wish to implore Thy mercy and assistance. Thou art the same as Thou wert eighteen hundred years ago, “for heaven and earth may pass away, but Thy words cannot;” and Thou hast said, “I am

the Good Shepherd, the Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." He leaveth the ninety-nine and seeketh the one that is lost, and having found it, He places it on His shoulders and carrieth it home rejoicing; and the sheep which are not of this fold must be His also.

O Shepherd of mankind, present on our Altars, living in the midst of Thy sheep, watching them day and night, that no evil may befall them, that no devouring enemy may destroy them, have pity on these lost sheep, and deliver them not up to perdition, though they may have been deaf to Thy voice and may have run from Thy search ! Go after them, Good and Loving Shepherd, and bring them home, so

that the angels may rejoice, that their friends may return thanks, and that Thy Heart may be gladdened. And to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, grant that their eyes may be opened, that they may look up and see and own Thee, their Shepherd; and that under Thy guidance they may be brought to the One Fold, which is the Catholic Church.

This is Thy office; it is for this Thou remainest continually on the earth, that none whom Thou hast redeemed may perish, and that all may find salvation.

Angels of God, who keep watch round this Altar, pray for all these souls; and may their guardian angels intercede for them. Saints of God,

catch up these poor prayers from our sin-polluted lips, that they may ascend as incense from your golden censers before the Lamb Who is on this Altar, and Who is daily immolated for them. Most Loving Shepherd, Thou laidest down Thy life for these very sheep. Let not Thy work be vain; let not Calvary be fruitless, as though it had not been. Bring home, we beseech Thee, all lost sheep, that they may not perish eternally; and to those who have not the Faith give light, that they may see the Truth. By Thy Five Wounds and by Thy Precious Blood, we implore Thee, save these souls.

Let us pray for a few minutes for the Conversion of those who have the most claim upon us, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.


“Refuge of Sinners” thou art called by the children of the Church, and verily thou art! When every other hope has failed, thou hast parted the clouds of passion, of sin, and of ignorance, and God’s grace has penetrated the soul, and it has been saved. Look upon those, we implore thee, who are buried in darkness, particularly in this congregation, and on such as have the greatest claim on us. Look on those poor sheep who will not listen to the voice of their Shepherd; exert thy power and be a refuge to them; open their eyes, that they may see and know Jesus; touch their hearts, that they may not resist thy Son; and then thou

wilt give new joy to heaven, which will make its inhabitants rejoice, thou wilt gladden the Heart of the Good Shepherd, because those who were not of the true Fold will have entered therein, and thou wilt have increased the number of thy devoted servants. Refuge of Sinners, pray for us, and particularly for those whom we have recommended to thy clemency. Amen.



Nineteenth Visit.

JESUS, OUR PHYSICIAN.

ESUS, Son of David, present on the Altar, have mercy on us! have mercy on us! for we have fallen among robbers, who have wounded us, and left us nearly dead by the roadside. Heavenly Physician, look at us! compassionate and heal us! We will hide nothing from Thee, though the confession of our misery confounds us. The wounds, the sores, with which we are covered, are more numerous than the leaves of the forest, than the pebbles on the beach. Who can count the number of our untruths, of our acts of impatience, of our want

of resignation, of jealousy, and of self-love? Who can tell our injustices, our uncharitableness, our detractions, our want of simplicity in thought, word, and action? Who can reckon our hidden sins and our sins of ignorance?

Alas! we are covered with iniquity as with a garment, and there is no soundness in us.

Then there are those deadly sins. Pride has paralyzed all our limbs, so that we are utterly unable to do anything for Thee. Impurity has corrupted our flesh, and covered us with a deadly leprosy. Sensuality and excess have so clouded our minds that we nauseate celestial food, and are blind to the objects of faith; and we are so

filled with the world, its cares, and anxieties, that we are utterly indifferent to things eternal. We hear the Good Shepherd calling after the lost sheep, and we wander farther among the mountains. We hear our Father weeping over His lost children, we see Him holding out His arms in vain to embrace us, and we will not return home.

Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us. At Thy word the paralytic threw aside his crutches, and went home rejoicing; the skin of the leper was made white as ermine; and the eyes that were blind saw and rejoiced. Say but the word, and Thy servants shall be healed. Good Samaritan, pour wine and oil into our wounds. Carry us to

the nearest inn, and never leave us till we are restored to perfect health.

Once more, Lord, we will make bold to speak to Thee! Of what avail will it be to us to be restored to health, if we are again to be reduced to the same sorrowful condition? There are the same robbers, the same enemies in ambuscade, where we must of necessity pass, and how can we escape? There are the same temptations from within and without, and how can we, who have failed so often, be successful?

At Thy will the tempter in the desert was frustrated and left Thee in peace; the soldiers that came to bind Thee fell powerless at Thy feet; and at Thy presence the spirits of darkness fled from their abodes. Let, then, Thy en-

emies feel Thy power and hear Thy voice, and their strength shall be as nought, and their machinations powerless against us.

Let there be, most Compassionate Physician, no more wilful transgressions. Let not our enemies any more triumph over us. On our part, prostrate at Thy feet, we promise never deliberately to commit any sin, mortal or venial, and to do all in our power to avoid the occasions of both. We are grieved to the heart for all our transgressions, and we resolve not to let the day close till we have obtained forgiveness in the sacrament of penance. Jesus, Son of David, help us to carry out our resolution, for of ourselves we can do nothing. But to se-

cure this we must do something more than ask ; to deserve Thy help, we must give Thee more than mere words. Help us, then, and we promise to visit Thee on the Altar, not only when our enemies are near and about to attack us, but when we are in perfect security. We will come to Thee, and the quietude of the Sanctuary will still the tumults of our souls ; and Thy Presence will gird up our loins, and be an impenetrable shield against every weapon. . If armies rise up against us we will not fear, because Thou wilt be with us.

Jesus, never leave us, in peace or in war, in happiness or in sorrow, in life or in death, and never let us abandon Thee. Let Thy Altar, Thy taberna-

cle, and Thy company be our paradise here; and let earth and its pleasures become insipid when we forget Thee; and let our gratitude for the cure Thou hast wrought in us be, never again to offend Thee, never again to sin. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes renew our Supplications to Jesus, our Physician, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Mother of God, thy glory, thy singular privilege is, never to have fallen among thy enemies, never to have been wounded, and never for an instant to have been under the power of the wicked one. Yet surely thou dost feel for those who have not escaped, and

who are daily paying the penalty of this misfortune. Of these, there are some of the most wretched before thee, who are too weak and disabled to do any good. Compassionate us, we beg of thee; take us by the hand, and when our enemies draw near and aim their blows at us, throw thy mantle around us, and then no harm may approach. Do this, Immaculate Mary, and we will love thee with all our hearts; and we will do all we can to make thee loved by others. Amen.



Twentieth Visit.

JESUS OUR JUDGE.

NOW terrible, O Jesus, is death! Suddenly to be torn from all that lapse of years has made dear, from all that has entwined itself round the fibres of the heart, and from our very selves, how paralyzing and sickening is the thought!

But the judgment that follows, how awful and how alarming! For the poor soul to stand alone, without friend or counsellor, with her whole life unmasked before the Judge, awaiting the sentence which is to confine her to heaven or hell eternally — who can remember this and not tremble? Who

can realize this truth and not quiver with terror?

Yet, why fear the Judge? If that tabernacle were to vanish, if the veils of the Blessed Sacrament were to be torn apart, that Altar would be a throne of judgment, and we should be in the presence of our Judge. We are now kneeling before Him; and who is afraid? Who can fear the Heart that has loved us for eighteen hundred years, the Eyes that have wept over our sorrows, the Hands that have removed the rock out of our path, lest we should stumble and fall, the Tongue that has never uttered a harsh or unkind word? Why, then, fear our Judge? No, Dear Jesus, we do not, we will not fear Thee, whatever charac-

ter Thou mayest assume, provided Thou art our Jesus. And our Jesus Thou wilt always be, unless by our impenitence and hard-heartedness we compel Thee to assume the office of an inexorable Judge. But alas, our sins and ingratitude terrify us the more because Thou art our Jesus and because Thou dost love us so dearly, and we are sore afraid when we think of the answer we are to make to Thee.

When in the light of Thy countenance—our Judge—all our neglects, our bad communions, or at least our cold and indifferent ones, our irreverences in Thy Presence, (or rather our total forgetfulness of it,) our seldom or never coming to visit Thee, or growing tired the moment we have entered

Thy abode — hearing Thy enemies scoff at Thee, seeing them lay rude hands upon Thee, and defiling Thy Immaculate Body, without resisting, without offering Thee comfort or consolation — this it is that confounds us; not that Thou wilt judge us without mercy or love, but because Thy love and untiring patience will magnify these sins and make them appear as mountains on our heads.

But there is yet time to amend. As yet, Dear Jesus, it is not the time of judgment; and though thou art our Judge, Thou art also now our Saviour, our Brother, our Friend, and our Companion. Compassionate Jesus, touch our hearts before the time of judgment comes, that this may be a

real and permanent change. Thou hast made us realize what we shall experience if we continue sinful and negligent; as we have been; give us, we implore Thee, the additional grace of reaping the fruit thereof. Make us now do what we shall then wish to have performed. Make us visit Thee upon the Altar; not at intervals, not in poverty or misery, but regularly every day. Make us assist at daily Mass, that so the Precious Blood of the Sacrifice may wash away those sins which will so alarm us at the last day.* Make us assist at Benediction, that Thy blessing may strengthen us against weariness and temptations. Make us do this, and it matters not when Thou shalt come to judge—

whether it is at the sixth, or the ninth, or the eleventh hour; because we shall hear from Thy own sweet lips, "Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

Let us for a few minutes resolve to love the Blessed Sacrament, as we shall wish to have done when we are before the Judgment Seat, and let us make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Dear Mother, we promise always to love thee, to defend thy honor, and to publish thy greatness.


We do so, because thou art dearer to us than all the saints, and because

one of thy many claims upon us is that thou art the "Refuge of sinners, the consoler of the sorrowful, and the comforter of the afflicted."

Refuge of sinners, consoler of the sorrowful, and comforter of the afflicted, desert us not, we beg of thee, in the last struggle — abandon us not in death; spread thy mantle over our beds, that no evil spirit may approach; give us resignation, consolation, and contrition; conduct us, thy own dear self, to the judgment-seat, and with thee at our side, and with thy mantle, red with the Precious Blood shed on Calvary, on our shoulders, thy Son will see no fault in us, and we shall love and bless Jesus, and thee forever and ever. Amen.

Twenty-first Visit.

ABIDING SORROW.

 F, O suffering and afflicted Jesus, we had been among those miserable few who scourged Thee with innumerable lashes; if our voices had been raised in the bloody and bitter cry that condemned Thee to death; if we had struck Thee on the head, and forced farther and farther in, the thorns which crowned and pierced Thee; if these hands which we hold out to Thee had indeed and in reality struck the hammer against those cruel nails which transfixed Thy hands and feet, and if, then, Thou hadst done to us what Thou didst to others among

those fierce executioners ; if Thou hadst opened our eyes to know the Son of God ; if Thou hadst touched our hearts with the piteous sight before us — hadst wrung from our souls a cry for forgiveness — hadst spoken words of pardon and peace — hadst caused the Blood which was upon our 'souls crying for vengeance, to become the bath and ransom of salvation, what should we have done? What would have been our feelings?

Should we have returned to our homes, and never thought of our sins and the mercy which covered them? Surely, if our hearts had been human, if there had been but one fibre of pity, or tenderness, or gratitude in our souls, the memory of Calvary could never

have been obliterated. Whilst that Precious Form was on the Cross, could we have been torn from its embrace? Whilst Jesus was in the tomb, would not our hearts have kept vigil thereat night and day?

Is this really what we should have done and felt? or is it merely the delusive vision of a sensitive nature, or of an excited imagination, or an impulse that will soon cool down and pass away?

Jesus, Thou hast opened our eyes, and forced us to acknowledge that Thou, on the Altar, art verily the Son of God. Long ago Thou hast made us feel that, by our sins, we have again verily crucified our Saviour and Redeemer. By Thy Presence on the Altar Thou hast made us acknowledge

the enormity of our sins, the first sin of our childhood, our sacrilegious confessions and communions, and the frightful sins of riper years, which we blush to remember. Thou hast compelled us to own that these sins, and unnumbered more, have, as far as power was in us, reacted every scene in Thy Passion from Gethsemane to Golgotha. And yet do we linger under the shadow of Thy Tabernacle, the Tomb wherein Thou art buried? Do we come here and weep over the wounds we have made in Thy Body? Do we, by our grief, try to extract the nails from Thy hands, the iron from Thy side, and the thorns from Thy head?

No, no, Dear Jesus, we have forgotten Thee and the treasons we have committed; like the Jews, though the

stain of Thy blood was on our hands, we have eaten and drunk, and made merry.

But it shall be so no more. Like David's, our sins shall be always before us ; like the Publican, we will beat our breasts with sorrow, saying, God be merciful to us, miserable sinners ; like Magdalene, we will come and kneel at Thy feet at the Altar, and wash them in spirit with our tears ; like Peter, we will never forget our treason ; and like the Centurion, we will go to our homes repeating, " Verily this is the Son of God." Never shall Calvary, and what our sins have done thereon, be from before our eyes. And because in the Mass the Sacrifice of Calvary is truly and really repeated, no place shall be dearer to us than the Church and the Altar ; and though in

coming to Thee our hearts be filled with sorrow on account of our iniquities, yet come we will, and our tears shall flow, and our consolation and our happiness shall be that those "who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Tender and sin-forgiving Jesus, let our repentance be like David's, like Magdalene's, like Peter's, like the Centurion's; then we shall be happy, and we shall be saved, because a contrite and humble heart Thou canst not despise. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes excite ourselves to true Sorrow for our Sins, and let us make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

What were Thy seven dolours, Dear Lady, but seven swords, transfixing

thy soul on account of the Passion of thy Son! Most sorrowful Mother! how can we dare to call thee such, knowing that our sins caused the death of thy Son, and by consequence all the sorrow which thy heart endured.

But God knows that we are stung with anguish, filled with remorse, and resolved to die rather than be guilty of the same sins again. Yet we fear ourselves, we dread our fickle natures and the blinding influence of the world; therefore make our life like thine — sorrowful, but sorrowful for our sins and wickedness.

Refuge of sinners, make our hearts humble and contrite, for such thy Son will not despise. Amen.

Twenty-second Visit.

THE ISRAELITES IN THE DESERT.

WHEN we are weighed down with some grievous affliction, when life seems to have lost every charm, when we are sorrowful well-nigh unto despair, have we not often contrasted the weariness of our pilgrimage with the journey of the Israelites through the desert? Have we not often sat down footsore and heart-aching, as we gazed on the wilderness, darkened by the rocks we had to pass before reaching the Promised Land? Have not our souls sickened with the weight of grief, it seemed impossible longer to bear? Then, again,

when better thoughts have possessed us, have we not wondered how it was possible (when, night after night, the pillar of fire illumined the heavens for their guidance; and, true as sunrise, God rained down their food) that the Jews could ever have been untrue in their allegiance, could ever have forgotten so many proofs of love? Have we not fancied that, had we been so favored, no weariness or fatigue would have cast us down, no danger would have alarmed us, no temptation have found us weak?

Yet alas, whilst we amuse ourselves with such spiritual fancies, we seldom or never reflect that, in very truth, we have that heavenly guide and that celestial food of which the pillar of

fire and the manna were but shadows and figures.

Jesus, the Light of the world! here before Thy Tabernacle we acknowledge that our eyes have been blinded and our hearts hardened. We toil on, weary and sad, through the heat of the day, and the lightest burden grows heavy like a mountain, and the plainest road becomes intricate. We murmur at the daily routine of duty, and we long for rest and change. We sicken with the world and creatures, and we sigh for death to take us from the miseries we can no longer endure. But before us is the bright cloud concealing and yet revealing the Comforter of the afflicted, the Supporter of the weary and the faint-hearted,

and the Guide of the ignorant and the erring; and still, foolish and inconsistent that we are, we refuse to come here, where alone with Thee we can find rest and peace.

When trials come on, when virtue has lost its sweetness, and prayer its attraction; when all is dark night, and we are tempted to exclaim that God has forsaken us, have we not on the Altar the Pillar of Light that makes glad the darkest path, and whose shining splendor makes the sun appear dim? Yet, more hardened and more perverse than the Israelites, we will not raise our eyes to be gladdened by Thee, the Light of lights. And what is our excuse but one that ought to fill us with shame and confusion! It is

because Thou art always with us we forget Thee; because Thy Church is always open to us, we care no longer to enter; because we are accustomed to Thy continual Presence, we heed it no more; because Thou never leavest us, we grow tired of Thee; and because we possess Thee so easily, we value Thee not.

The sight of one of Thy angels would fill us with awe and wonder; the presence of Thy Mother would convert a wilderness into a paradise, and would make life dear and precious. Yet Thou, the God of Angels, art here, and we dare to say that life is dark, and that we have no light to disperse the shadows that lie around us. If the manna with which Thou didst feed the

Jews in the desert supported them in their journey to the Promised Land, where can our excuse be for our rebellions and disgusts against God when we have not the shadow—not the type—but the reality which the manna prefigured—even the Body and Blood of the Son of the Eternal Father?

If, Dear Lord, we must envy others the gifts lavished on them, let it not be the Israelites of old; but let us turn our eyes to those devout souls whose treasure is not greater than ours, but who value it more, and who know how to draw from it comfort and sweetness. Grant us grace, we beseech Thee, to imitate those happy souls, and each day to know Thee better and love Thee more. Make us remember, when the

world is bleak and dreary, and we know not where to turn for comfort, that there is always one spot bright and cheerful — the Sanctuary. When we are in desolation of spirit — when all our friends have passed away like summer flowers, and none are left to love us and to care for us, whisper to our troubled souls that there is one friend that dies not — one whose love never changes — Jesus on the Altar. When sorrows thicken and crush us with their burthen — when we look in vain for comfort — let Thy dear words come with full force from the Tabernacle: “Come to Me all ye that labor and are heavily burthened, and I will refresh you.”

Here, then, we will come and tarry ;

here shall our thoughts love to dwell ;
and whilst Thou art in the midst of
us — whilst we have Thee to love us,
Thy smile to encourage us, Thy hands
to share and carry our burthen, never
will we complain that the world is
dreary ; never shall our hearts be op-
pressed with excessive sorrow ; never
will we murmur, whatever trial befalls
us ; but in sorrow and adversity, in
pain and sickness, in life and death,
we will bear all cheerfully, readily, be-
cause Thou lovest us so intensely, and
because we wish to love Thee in re-
turn, by suffering at least patiently for
Thee. Amen.

*Let us for a few minutes renew our Resolutions,
and make a Spiritual Communion.*

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Who ever felt this world a bleaker wilderness, its roads more uneven, or its rocks more inhospitable, than thou, most sorrowful of Mothers? Yet, who ever displayed more undaunted courage, more undisturbed meekness, more unflinching confidence? Blessed Virgin, if we must envy others, let it be thee, and let our envy stimulate us to imitate thee. And this we promise to do, if thou wilt open our eyes to see the Light we have before us, and if thou wilt teach our hearts to appreciate the gift that has been given to us. Make us see thy Son as He is in the Blessed Sacrament — loving, befriending, supporting, cheering, and encour-

aging us. And with Jesus on one side and thy dear self on the other, never let us, in thought, word, or deed, murmur or be impatient; never let us be unresigned; but let the acts of our submission be, "God's will be done;" "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;" "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from us; nevertheless, not our will, but Thine be done." Dear Mother, grant us this one favor through the love thou bearest thy Son, and the deep compassion thou feelest for the weak, erring children of Adam.

Twenty-third Visit.

JESUS, OUR FRIEND.



DEAREST Jesus, Thou hast said, "I will no longer call you servants, but friends;" and in how many ways hast Thou proved the truth of this assertion! What privilege of true friendship hast Thou withheld? Thou hast given us freedom of access to thy abode at all hours, and so entirely art Thou at our pleasure, that for the ages Thy friendship has endured, never has any one come to Thee without being able to see Thee, or had to depart without having conversed with Thee. Thou hast put Thyself on an equality with the poor-

est of our race; not by raising us up to the Divine dignity, which was impossible, but by descending to our lowliness, by becoming man — frail and suffering as ourselves — and by hiding Thine own and our nature under the appearance of a little bread. Thy friendship is ever the same, and therein there is no change. Poverty, disease, old age, the attraction of new lovers, of wealth or position, cannot alter Thee. The deep ocean of Thy friendship is beyond every influence save that of love. It is so genuine, so sincere, that we are ever in Thy mind, ever in Thy heart. There is not a thought or action of ours Thou dost not think of; not a joy in which Thou dost not participate; not a pain or

sorrow with which Thou dost not sympathize. Could there be friendship more sterling and more genuine than Thine?

And what do we give Thee, the Best and most Loving of Friends, in return? Just the very opposite to what we receive. Thou dost give us the first place in Thy affection; and Thou dost sacrifice Thy honor, position, and happiness for our sakes. And we give Thee (shall we say it, Lord?) the last place in our hearts, and are ready to put Thee aside for the sake of every trifle. We give Thee no more than the tardy and grudging service which we give to a task-master — the wearied and impatient attention we bestow on an importunate beggar.

We bid Thee wait till others are attended to; till, with loving exactness, we have fulfilled the requests of our friends; till we have wearied ourselves with serving the world; and then, perhaps, we come to Thee. Truly, Thou art satisfied with what creatures like ourselves would disdain. Yet, day after day, we refuse Thee even thus much. We have love to waste on others till the very outpouring and burthen of it are more than they can value and care to receive, and we grudge Thee the few minutes Thou dost claim. And when at last we find leisure for Thee, and with cold and indifferent hearts we kneel before Thy Tabernacle, we hear no word of reproach—not even by a cold silence

dost Thou remind us how tardy and poor our visit is, what negligent servants we are, what careless and indifferent friends. No, Dearest Lord, Thou dost pour upon us the abundance of Thy consolation, the multitude of Thy graces, till they are almost more than we can bear; and for a moment we fancy we see Thee as Thou art, and eternity does not seem long enough to spend near Thee.

Jesus, what inconsistent and fickle creatures we are! We are constantly bitterly complaining that our isolation is unbearable, and that life is worthless, because we cannot find a genuine friend. We are continually proclaiming that we have gratitude and friendship so deep in our hearts, that our one

longing is for some one where they may centre.

And yet here Thou art, the truest and most steadfast of friends, offering Thy friendship, and we refuse to accept it. Here Thou art performing all the offices of friendship, and, nevertheless, our hearts are as lead towards Thee. But it shall be so no more.

Thy Friendship, Dearest Lord, henceforth shall be the dearest treasure we possess. It shall be the compensation for the treachery of man; it shall be our consolation when the wild flowers are growing over the best-loved ones, and when all who hold a dear place in our hearts are withered and gone. With Thy friendship the world

shall never be dreary, and life never without a charm.

And because Thou art our friend, Thou shalt reign supreme in our souls ; none shall have a place there but at Thy will and pleasure. No society shall be dearer than Thy company, no voice sweeter than Thine, no countenance more fascinating, and no person more attractive than Thyself, the most Beautiful of the Sons of Men. Would that the light of these short moments near Thee might illumine our dark and cold lives, might shed warmth and love over every thought, every affection, every action, and that all might be done for Thee and in Thee, so that our absence from Thee might be only a preparation for the sweetness of Thy

•

presence on the Altar, life itself only a foreshadowing of death, and time only a longing for eternity! Amen.

Let us for a few minutes try to realize this Friendship of Jesus, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Once, Dear Mother, thou didst ask thy Son a favor, which, though involving a miracle and before the time of the manifestation of His power was come, was granted. Since then, resting on such a precedent, how many have had their petitions granted! Let not us, we beseech thee, be exceptions; let us not supplicate and be refused. What we want is something that thy

•

Son desires, and something that will give thee great pleasure. We want to be friends of thy Son, to appreciate His love, and to be grateful for His boundless love to us. Surely, this is not asking too much ; and as thou dost wish it, do, Dear Mother, grant our prayer. Amen.



Twenty-fourth Visit.

SYMPATHY.

THERE is nothing which wounds our hearts more than to have our affection distrusted and the expression of our love slighted. Between friends there can be no greater unkindness than to say, "This trouble of mine does not concern you; it deeply affects me, but you would consider it trivial; you would not care to know it; you would not trouble yourself to understand it." Yet this is what we say, or tacitly express, almost every day of our lives, to Jesus on the Altar. Here He daily offers himself up in sacrifice; He heals the sick soul

and strengthens the infirm will ; He releases the captive from the bonds of sin and feeds the hungry with His own Body and Blood. But why, after He has lavished His favors on us, does He still linger here ? Why does He still tarry during the lonely and still hours of the night ? It is because He is our Friend, and He loves to be with us. He waits here silent and patient to hear what we will not trouble ourselves to tell Him ; ready and willing to listen to the griefs that we shut in our own hearts ; and nights and days pass, and our places are vacant at the Altar.

Dearest Jesus, let us no longer remain thus cold and reserved towards Thee ; let us resolve that we will not wait till some terrible convulsion breaks

up the calm surface of our souls, and casts us here at Thy feet, because all else has failed us. Let us come day by day, and pour out to Thee the story of our daily life, and deem nothing too low for Thy notice. Let us lay all at Thy feet — the sorrow and the joy that others would not care to hear, the hopes and fears that would weary the most loving earthly heart — and then, in the stillness of the Sanctuary, do Thou, Dearest Lord, gather tenderly all our words into Thy loving Heart, solve our doubts, soothe our troubles, and unravel the tangled skein of our conflicting duties. There is nothing that can draw off Thy attention from our wants and miseries; not the glory of Thy throne in heaven — not the mem-

ory of Thy infinite suffering — not the interchange of love between Thy Heart and the immaculate heart of Mary, can distract Thee from the broken tale of our sorrow — can absorb Thee so much that Thou shouldst ever be deaf to our sighs, ever inattentive to our petitions; and again and again we may come, and the same tale will never weary Thee, Dear Jesus!

It is enough for Thee that we suffer, and that our hearts are oppressed; for Thy care, love, and interest for us are far deeper than our own.

Would that we could realize the pure happiness of possessing Thy sympathy! Would that we could feel, — when we are crushed and humbled —

when the hope we have lived for has withered — when sorrows and trials that we dare not reveal to any make our souls sick well-nigh unto death — when we look in vain for some one to understand us, and who will enter into our miseries,— that there is One on the Altar who knows every fibre of our hearts, every sorrow, every pain special to our peculiar natures, and Who deeply sympathizes with us! Would that in the days of darkness and grief we came here, and, as friend to friend, told Thee the burthen we can no longer bear, the sorrow that is wasting away our existence, and the perplexities that entangle us! When we have done so from time to time, the comfort and consolation we have

received have more than counterbalanced all we have suffered.

Then we will come to Thee, and without a thought for our language, in the simplicity of our souls, we will tell Thee what is uppermost therein. If life is an unclouded success, we will come to Thee—because no one will rejoice more thereat than Thou. If all our schemes and plans wither in our hands, we will come to Thee—because no one will give us truer sympathy. If we have to leave our homes for a while, and those who are dear to us fill us with anxiety, we will come here and put them under Thy care, because no one will guard them better. If we are perplexed and harassed, and surrounded with difficulties without

hope of escape, we will come to Thee, and Thou wilt enlighten us, and Thy help will make us surmount the greatest obstacles. We will come to Thee when we begin any important undertaking, because Thy blessing alone can make it prosper, and because Thy sympathy is the dearest and best. Wherever we are—in whatever new place our abode for a time may be—the first visit shall always be to Thee. Compassionate Jesus, our hearts crave for sympathy, and to suffer seems nothing to the bitterness of suffering alone. Grant, we implore Thee, then, from the depths of our hearts, which have suffered so much, that we may never know this greatest trial—that we may never weep, never suffer,

without some one to comfort us. If ever this dreadful calamity befalls us; it will be through our own wilful blindness; because we know that Thou hast no longing greater than to help us, no desire more burning than to hear us, and no task dearer to Thy Heart than to soothe and comfort our own. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes try to realize the Sympathy of Jesus, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Holy Virgin, dear and tender Mother, how happy we should be if we could feel as thou didst when the Saviour of the world was with thee! We, too, dwell near the Holy of holies;

but whereas thou didst prize this gift beyond the world, and didst deem that hour unhappy in which thou wert not near thy Son, we, on the contrary, experience that hour weary and tedious in which we are before Him, and our coldness and indifference make us altogether unworthy of His sacred presence. Do thou, therefore, dearest Lady, beg of thy Son to rouse us from our lethargy, and to make us practically realize His Presence among us. Speak to Him in our behalf, as thou didst speak at the Marriage of Cana, and He will change our coldness into fervor, and our tepidity into the fire of Divine love. Fairest of Virgins and brightest of Queens, grant us this favor, and then we shall love Him

worthily; and in return we will glorify thee, who hast procured for thy unworthy children so many graces. Amen.



Twenty-fifth Visit.

HAPPINESS.

THERE is one thing, Dear Jesus, every heart, after its own manner, craves for. We all long for happiness, (each under a different form, perhaps,) but from childhood to old age that is the one great desire that lives in every soul.

And hast not Thou given us that longing? and when Thou givest us so much, surely Thou wilt not deny us the accomplishment of this desire also. When Thou art here ready to hear us, ready to grant our petitions, coming into our very hearts, day after day; when Thou art happiness itself, and

givest Thyself so freely to us, why is it we are still sad, and that among the worshippers at Thy Altar none will proclaim themselves happy? and yet each will confess he desires happiness as the greatest and best gift Thou canst give.

Dearest Jesus, when Thou dost deny us anything, we bow down and acknowledge Thy wisdom, or, rather, we acknowledge Thy love, for it is for our sakes only that Thou dost hold back anything when Thou wouldst fain give us all. Tell us, therefore, what souls are happy, and we will tread in their steps and learn from their example. Let us look at the radiant faces of the saints, brighter and brighter as they draw near Thee, and they all answer.

us alike. When we serve Thee with a worthy service, seeking Thee alone, and neither self nor happiness, then and then only shall we find it. When we make Thy will the centre round which we move, then we shall be happy; when we love Thee genuinely and sincerely, more than the world, more than creatures, more than friends, more than the universe and all it contains, then we shall be happy. When Thy sanctuary is the dearest spot on earth; when Thy Altar is a magnet, always attracting our hearts; when Thou, hidden and concealed under the sacramental species, art more beautiful in our sight than all the children of men; when Mass, and Holy Communion, and Benediction are events which

shape and mould our lives more than all that is earthly — then peace, and joy, and happiness will be ours.

Ye saints of God, bind our hearts to the Altar, that no attraction may allure them away; fascinate our fickle souls with the love of Him who resides thereon, that no temptation may make us change; impart to us a steadfast love of God, like unto your own, and then we shall be happy. Teach us, Dear Jesus, from the Tabernacle, to serve Thee as Thou desirest, to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed our wounds, to toil and not to ask for rest, to work and to demand no reward, and to be resigned though nature rebels. Yes, Lord, though it is a hard struggle, like the

last parting of the soul, suffer us to lay before the Altar the hope we have so long cherished of being happy, the dream we have so long faithfully nursed, and which we now see and confess is a phantom which has deceived us, a chain which has bound us.

Henceforth we accept the remainder of our lives and all its events, whether bitter or sweet, from Thee. Till now our poor service has been tainted with this selfish desire of happiness; through prayer, good works, and communions, it has been like a black thread marring and spoiling all. Now we will embrace every duty as it calls upon us, and not care to ask if it be sweet or bitter. We will enter

upon every new path that is opened, and not trouble and ask whether it be short and pleasant, or weary and strewed with thorns, satisfied and content if it leads to Thee; and fixing our eyes on the Tabernacle alone, we will serve Thee, because it is Thy will we should do so — because Thou hast left heaven to be with us, and we must fain do something in return. Thy will alone shall be the anchor on which we will rest, and which shall steady us amidst the trials and temptations which gather in storms around us.

Help us, Dearest Jesus, that we may keep bravely and generously near to Thee, solely because of Thy love, and not for Thy gifts. Let us serve Thee for Thy love's sake, and for no other

reward than to be allowed to love Thee in return. Let us draw near Thy Altar, and let Thy Presence utterly absorb us; let the love of Thee in the Blessed Sacrament, in the Mass, in Holy Communion, in Benediction, fill our souls; and when at last we have forgotten ourselves, and forgotten to seek after happiness, then we shall find it; and Thou Who givest infinite riches with an infinite love, Who art even now reluctantly withholding this last grace, wilt then give us happiness and peace, which we have sought so long in vain; and then they shall be dear to us indeed, and precious, because they come from Thee. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes reflect on the true way to find Happiness, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Tender and compassionate Mother, blessed be the Lord, who has made thy name so powerful against His enemies, so joyful to His angels, and so sweet and consoling to poor mortals. Mary, thou givest health to the sick, comfort to the afflicted, pardon to sinners, and peace and happiness to all. In necessity and in peril, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death, our hearts seek thee, call upon thee, and trust in thee. Why can we not write thy name in letters of fire on all hearts, shed it like a halo on all sorrows, and show it like a guiding star to all poor wanderers? Reign over us, our Queen, with thy Divine Son in

time and eternity, and let thy name, with that of Jesus, be the last words on our lips; and now, during our exile here on earth, may that most sweet name be honey to our mouths, harmony to our ears, and a song of perpetual joy to our souls; and thus the one craving of our hearts will be appeased, and we shall be happy. Amen.



Twenty-sixth Visit.

UNION WITH JESUS.



DEAREST Jesus, what a void there is in the heart when left to itself, or which rests only on creatures! All feel this, and the great struggle of our lives is to fill up the vacancy. Some look above themselves for strength to lean upon and truth to confide in; and others, whose nature prompts them to give rather than to take, look lower for weakness to protect and helplessness to cherish; but all desire alike, that the emptiness of the heart may be filled by union with what is wanting to itself.

And how often has the strength we

built upon proved to be a reed, the truth to which we gave our faith, falsehood and dissimulation, the love we feasted on a poison more deadly than any enemy could administer; and yet we have gone on month after month and year after year, perhaps the whole of our lives, in vain seeking to supply this want, which Thou alone art able to satisfy.

Have pity on us, Thou, our Beloved, and deny us not the request we put before Thee with all the sincerity of our souls. Suffer from this Tabernacle Thy glory to brighten before us, till everything else fades away, that we may acknowledge Thee as the Hope long deferred, the Reality which we had begun to fear was but a dream,

the Secret that can make even life sweet and death an unutterable joy ; the Friend, the Lover, Who can alone reign over the troubled empire of our hearts, and at Whose entrance every idol falls down ; the Infinite, Who can alone fill what was created to contain Thee.

It is good for us to be here, for here are, truth, strength, constancy, and love which never change. Here is the realization of all our hopes ; and here alone is what can fill the void that exists in these bosoms. A day with Thee, Thy countenance beaming upon us from the Altar, and peaceful joy suffusing our hearts, is worth a thousand years in the society of men.

Jesus, never let us forget this !

Never let us forget the misery, the bitterness of attempting to fill and to satisfy our hearts with creatures to the exclusion of Thee; and never let Thyself be an instant from our minds!

Alas, how much have we expended in the pursuit of happiness apart from Thee, to satisfy this emptiness, this ceaseless craving of our nature! We have given more time than the doctors of the Church have spent over their science; thought as constant and unwavering as that which has rapt Thy saints from earth to heaven in ecstasy; fidelity as unswerving as that which led Thy martyrs to the stake; and affection so deep and true that we might have known it was only meant for Thee. And what have we gained

with all this pain, a tithe of which would have purchased heaven! Nothing, sweet Jesus! the gilded bubble has broken in our hands, and left nothing but the cold drop of disappointment behind; and our hearts are sorrowful because we have squandered our all in vain. Yet no—not in vain! one treasure we have gained more precious than that which we asked for—the knowledge, the conviction, that everything apart from Thee must be vain disappointment; that not only our safety on earth, and our salvation hereafter, but that our only real joy is here hidden in the Tabernacle—Thy own Dear Self.

Dearest of Friends and truest of Lovers, let us trust in Thee; let us

commit ourselves to Thy keeping; let us rest and repose on Thy bosom, and forget our wanderings; and let us learn that there, and there only, we are in our true Home where alone we can be happy.

And if one moment of that happiness be so deep that in it at times we really taste and feel that the Lord is sweet, what shall it be when we possess Thee eternally? If such is the earthly reward, what will be the everlasting crown? If this be the betrothal, most loving Jesus, what must be the perfect union of our souls with Thee in heaven?

Let us for a few minutes convince ourselves that neither the world nor creatures apart from Jesus, can satisfy us, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.


Mother of Constancy! thou wast not separated from thy Son in Bethlehem, in Egypt, in Nazareth, or at the foot of the Cross; and surely, since Bethlehem and Calvary are daily, mystically, here renewed, thou canst not be far off from the Altar where Jesus now resides. We wish to be united to thee for evermore, because in thee are strength, constancy, truth, and love which exist nowhere but with thy Son. We have wasted our lives seeking these excellencies in creatures, and have been miserably disappointed. Now we come to thee, allow us to rest in thee, to trust in thee, to repose in thee, and to love thee, next to thy Son.

We want no other support; we have tried the world long enough, and have found nothing but bitter disappointment. Henceforth Jesus and Mary shall be sufficient for us. They will never deceive us, never betray us, never become fickle and forsake us. Mother of God, do not reject our ardent supplications! Amen.



Twenty-seventh Visit.

IMAGINATION.

 E fancy, had we lived when Mary and Joseph journeyed to Bethlehem — when they knocked in vain at every door, and when they had to lay the Saviour of the world on straw, in a bleak stable — that we should have given them the best accommodation our homes allowed; or, if that were impossible, that we should have sacrificed our all, and made ourselves poor, to have rendered the habitation of God among men more suitable and becoming. We imagine that, heedless of the piercing winds and the fireless stable, we should

have knelt and kept watch, night after night, at the manger where the Saviour of the universe was shivering with cold for our sakes ; that it would have been paradise to have lived in Nazareth, to have gazed on the cottage where Jesus dwelt, to have gathered the dust on which His Blessed feet trod, to have sat at His knees, to have looked up into His face, and to have caught the golden words that fell from His lips ; and that in so doing days and nights would have been too short, and that no friend, no pleasure, no attraction would have been powerful enough to have drawn us away.

Puffed up with these vain fancies, this delusive love, we look in mysterious wonderment on the poor Jews,

and we say to ourselves, How was it — how could it be — that they did not receive, love, and worship the Expected of Israel, God made man, as we would have done, had we been gifted with their privileges? How was it that “Jesus was in the world, and the world knew Him not;” that “He came unto His own, and His own received Him not”?

The Scripture says that “God resisteth the proud,” and therefore He will resist us, who are inflated with these vain conceits and these foolish imaginings; for we should not have acted one iota better than the Jews, had we lived when they did; and here is the proof:

Every church contains the same as

Bethlehem and Nazareth; every Catholic possesses the very same Jesus the Jews did; every Catholic can gaze on His countenance, and can feel the Divine influence of His loving glance. Yet, is our conduct different from theirs? Have we ever made a sacrifice that the church, the Altar, the Tabernacle, where God dwells, might be more beautiful? Have we in the whole of our lives given as much to add to the beauty of God's home as we have spent in one day in amusement, in vanity, or in sin? Do we find every church a Paradise? the company of Jesus sweeter than that of friends and relatives, and more attractive than pleasure and amusement? Do we spend more time here than un-

believers? Is doing so less wearisome to us than it is to those who have no faith? If not, away with delusive piety; all that we fancy we should have done eighteen hundred years ago is simply folly and vain dreaming.

What a revelation is this, Dear Jesus! What a humiliation is it to have to confess, after all our pious imaginings, that all that we felt to be a condemnation of the Jews is our condemnation also!

Filled with confusion, and prostrate before the Altar, we confess that we do not love Thee; and we own that if we had lived at the same time Thou didst, we should have been as cold, indifferent, and negligent as we are now.

Yet, thanks, a thousand thanks,

that Thou hast humbled us — that Thou hast made us see that, hitherto, our love of Thee has been hollow and unsound; that it has been resting on a spider's web, which the first wind would have broken; and that in our humiliation there is one thing left to comfort us, the fact that we desire to love Thee. We desire to love Thee with all our soul and body, with all the love of the seraphim and cherubim, with all the love of the saints, and to surpass every one else is our desire. Make us go on desiring, that these heartfelt aspirations and sighs may at length reach Thee, and move Thee to grant what we desire most — that we may love Thee not only in thought, not in delusive dreams and

vain imaginings, but in deed and in truth, with a firm, unshaken love, which no allurements may weaken and no temptation destroy.

And when this love takes full possession of us, it will be our joy and delight to have the privilege of beautifying, according to our means, Thy churches, and of making presents to Thy Altar; and our visits to Thee will never again be wearisome and without pleasure.

All ye Holy Saints, who were the spouses of the Blessed Sacrament, who gave it the first place in your thoughts and in your hearts, help us to imitate you, help us to love Jesus as you loved Him! Jesus, bless these desires — bless the frail, weak servants

before Thee, and make us true, devoted, and unchanging lovers of the Blessed Sacrament. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes resolve to love Jesus, not with our imagination, but with our heart and soul, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Dear Mother, bless the children at thy feet, who are verily children in their thoughts and actions — children who one moment love thee, and the next are out of humor, and pain and annoy thee — children who to-day promise obedience, and to-morrow are as rebellious and as obstinate as ever. Bless us, Dear Mother, and let thy blessing cure our faults, and rectify all that is amiss in us. Let it make

•

us dutiful and loving to thee, but more so to thy Son. Let it detach us from friends, and from everything that would keep us away from Jesus on the Altar. Never let us again be harsh or severe on the Jews, remembering our own past conduct. Never let us deceive ourselves with conceits of loving thy Son, when we have not a particle of love that is solid and enduring. Fondest Mother, we long to love truly thy Son on the Altar. Give us this favor, and we will love thee and try to make thee, in return, loved by others. Amen.

Twenty-eighth Visit.

LOVERS OF JESUS.

TRULY, Dearest Jesus, Thou art not loved as Thou lovest us; but still Thou art loved deeply and faithfully. Who is served as Thou art served? What king has bands of such devoted followers as those who surround Thee? How many have died for Thee on bloody battle-fields, on rocks, in burning flames, and in slow torture, by infidel fury? How many of the learned and the good, to whom life offers so much, seek far-off lands, because they have no dearer ambition than to die for Thee! And how many are there to

whom a humbler, though, perhaps, a yet harder fate is reserved, not only to crucify their hearts for Thee, in the slow martyrdom of life, but to give Thee as pure and as entire an offering of themselves as if their souls passed away in one fervent act of faith!

Yes, Thou art loved, Dear Jesus, and none know how much, for the love of Thee is silent, and hidden, and unseen. Only Thou and Thy Mother and the holy angels know in how many souls it reigns.

Thou art loved, Dear Lord, and for the love of Thee many forget themselves, and what the world and their own natures would call joy; and pleasures become bitter to them, while pain and suffering and humiliation grow

sweet and pleasant. They stretch out their hands for the Cross, because it is Thy gift; and they take poverty, disease, and misery to their hearts for love of Thee, their Master; while plague-stricken homes and the wretched haunts of poverty and vice know the brightness of their presence, because they are lovers of Thee.

Yes, Dear Lord, there is love in the world, deep and faithful; but the tenderest and the sweetest is still kept for Thee. There are bonds strong and sacred, and even knit by Thyself, but they break and snap like flax at the very sound of Thy beloved Name. Many homes are there where innocent pleasure dwells, and it seems as if nothing but death could disturb that

tranquil circle of joy. But a greater than death speaks; and the fairest and the brightest and the most loved of all arise — for though all are dear, Thou art the Dearest — and home knows them no more, and the world forgets them. But there is another priest serving at Thy Altar, or another missionary toiling in Thy service, or another nun hidden in her cloister, whose voices rise up to heaven, and declare that to serve Thee is to reign, and to love Thee is paradise begun on earth.

Yes, Dearest Lord! and if gold and fame, and learning and pleasure, have beguiled some away from Thee, let us rejoice that gold and fame, and all the world could offer, have been spurned

for Thy sake. And if pride and the evil passions of the heart have made many rebel against Thee, let us be glad and give thanks that pride and passion and all the strongest feelings of the heart have been laid low because Thy children love Thee above all things.

Yes, Jesus, Thou art loved, and in the midst of thronging crowds, gathered together for business, or war, or pleasure, there are some hearts always turning towards the Altar; in the depths of many souls is a still voice, speaking soft and low, yet louder than all the clash and tumult around them, because it speaks of Thee, and the hour when all else may be forgotten and forsaken, and they may

kneel silent worshippers before the Sanctuary for a brief repose and consolation. And in the dead of night, when even the claims of interest are forgotten and buried in sleep, a low chant of perpetual praises rises to the Adorable Sacrament, for Thy spouses are prostrate before Thy Altar day and night, and unceasingly offer to Thee their adorations and love. And not only from these chosen servants, but from many a sick-bed, in many a dreary vigil, a murmur is heard, and it is Thy name, and tears fall, and they are for Thee, and hearts beat quick and fast, because they think of Thee and love Thee.

Who is loved as Thou art loved? Thou hast enemies, it is true; have

we not been among them? But Thou hast friends faithful and devoted, children loving and obedient, and servants zealous and true.

Increase the number of these, Thy lovers, Dearest Jesus, yet more and more. May the hard and stony hearts which still resist Thee be melted into love; and may those who already love Thee learn to love Thee better, and never, never forsake Thee!

And for us, O Lord, give us what Thou wilt, and take from us what seems best to Thee: let our life be short or long, pleasant or bitter; suffer us to do great things for Thee, if such be Thy will, or if not, to wait in patient inaction, and see others serve Thee in zealous deeds, which we are

not worthy to undertake. Let the close of life find us in innocent content, or weary with trials and disappointments, one thing only we ask, Dear Jesus — living or dying, let us, too, be of the happy number of those who love Thee above all things, faithfully, tenderly, and devotedly to the end. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes resolve, whatever our state of life may be, to be true Lovers of Jesus, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Holy and Perfect Virgin, we bow down and revere thee, because angels and men venerate in thee the greatest wonder the love of Jesus has produced in any age or time. In thee the Inf-

nite beholds a victim worthy of Himself, a Mother worthy of the Lamb who was to efface the sins of the world, and a spouse suitable to the Holy Spirit. At length God sees the Immaculate Heart of a Woman, which never knew the stain of original or actual sin—a generous heart which no sacrifice could dismay, a heart burning with the love of Jesus, a heart shining in purity, a heart replenished with sweetness, gentleness, and humility. Most Sacred Virgin, in thee we behold a fruit of earth, a child of Adam, purer than angel or archangel, and a worthy object of the complacent love of the Divinity. In union with thine, let us offer our hearts to God. Would they were more worthy, that

they were pure and innocent and without stain like thine. They have not thy generosity or love, but they are full of desires. Most Holy Mary, we place our offering in thy hands: obtain for us that we may strive faithfully to imitate thee, and make us true, ardent, and sincere lovers of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.



Twenty-ninth Visit.

LOVE OF THE SAINTS.



DEAR Jesus, what a contrast there is between our conduct and that of the Saints — between our hearts and theirs — between our indifference and their love towards the Blessed Sacrament!

The Countess of Feria was so enamored of the Altar that she obtained permission to live continually in the church. St. John Francis Regis, when worn out with labor, would retire to the church, and would there find repose and rest in communion with Jesus? and when at times he found it closed, he would remain with-

out and pour forth his soul in love to Him who was there hidden and concealed. St. Ignatius, that he might not even in sleep be separated from the object of his love, selected as his bed-chamber the one which was nearest to the church; and St. Francis Xavier, for the same reason, used to pass the night and take his repose in the sacristy. St. Casimir, King of Poland, deeming the spot where a church stood holy ground, used to take off his shoes and go barefoot to adore the Blessed Sacrament; St. Francis, Duke of Gandia, would leave the pleasures of the chase to accompany the Viaticum to the sick and dying. Ferdinand V. of Austria, Sebastian, King of Portugal, and Theodosius II.,

Duke of Braganza, would abandon the society of friends and the pleasures of the table to join the procession of the Blessed Sacrament; and Leopold, Duke of Austria, would leave his carriage, or dismount from his horse, and falling on his knees, would adore his Saviour as the procession of the Blessed Sacrament passed along; then, rising, would bear a lighted taper in his hand, as a poor manifestation of the flame of love that burnt in his generous breast.

It is true that we cannot, nor does Jesus expect us to, imitate these bright examples; but though our hearts are too confined and too narrow to admit their gratitude and love, yet if we had the will and the desire, we are capable of doing much.

Could we not, when we are at a distance from the Altar, often think of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and from time to time make a Spiritual Communion? Could we not, whenever we wake during the night, make an act of love, and think how Jesus sleeps not, but is watching and loving us in the Blessed Sacrament? Could we not make Jesus the under-current of all our thoughts, words, and actions, as we do the one we have chosen for our friend? Could we not imitate St. Francis of Sales, and never pass a church without saluting Him who resides there? Could we not, like St. Alphonsus, visit the Blessed Sacrament every day?

And when we enter the church, and

turn our eyes to the Altar, where One abides whose countenance is as bright as the glory of heaven, Who sees every sin and imperfection in our souls, mirrored as clear as crystal before Him, could we not humble ourselves to the earth with confusion? could we not strike our breast in sorrow? could we not take the holy water, not through routine, but as a necessity, saying from the depths of our souls, "Wash us yet more from our iniquities, and cleanse us from our sins?" When we draw near the Holy of holies, where prostrate angels ever adore the Lamb that was slain, could we not bow down our heads with reverence and bend our knees in adoration to the King of kings, and not with a forgetfulness we would

not show our friends? Could we not, whenever we do so, say, "Blessed and praised be the adorable Sacrament of the Altar;" or, "Jesus, we believe that Thou, true God, and true Man, art really and entirely present on this Altar;" or, "Jesus, give us Faith,"—"Give us Love, give us Purity, give us Humility,"—"Jesus, support us in this heavy trial,"—"Jesus, soothe the sorrow of these aching hearts," or some such prayer? And when the solemn mysteries have begun, could we not fix all our thoughts and desires on the Altar and the Sacred Victim who lies thereon? Could we not refrain from idle words, useless and wrong conversations in the church, vain glances at those around us, and distracting

thoughts of the world and creatures? Could we not make the Altar, the Tabernacle — Jesus — the absorbing centre of all our thoughts, feelings, and affections? Could we not easily assist at daily Mass, at Benediction, and at Exposition, as often as they take place in the church?

All this we could do, Dearest Jesus, because hundreds in every station of life do so — the married, the single, the servant, the master, the beggar, the laborer, the tradesman, and the merchant. But we could do much more, if we only cared for Thee, and if the love of Thee had taken full possession of our souls.

And this is what we desire, to love Thee, and to prove our love by deeds.

Perfect our desires, we implore of Thee, and make them effectual. Let the example of those in the same station as ourselves stimulate us to love Thee in the Blessed Sacrament more and more, and let the example of the Saints convince us how paltry is the return we make for all the love Thou hast manifested on the Altar.

Let us for a few moments reflect on the examples of the Saints, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Among the first who received our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and adored Him on the Altar, was the Blessed Virgin. And such was the intense love and joy she felt in again

possessing her Son, and in again being in His presence, that the past was forgotten in the present. She felt the same as when she carried Him in her arms in Bethlehem, and when she dwelt under the same roof with Him in Nazareth. She knew that from the Altar the same eyes of her Child were looking on her, the same Countenance smiling upon her, and the same Heart loving her.

Would that we could feel something similar to this, and that we could realize the truth of the Presence of Jesus among us; then there would be no more sin, no more ingratitude, no more indifference, no more empty churches, and no more forgetfulness of the Blessed Sacrament.

Do thou, Dear Lady, impart to us a vivid realization of thy Son's Presence on the Altar, and the love and remembrance of Him will surely follow. These are the favors we ask with confidence through thy intercession, ever Blessed Mother of God. Amen.



Thirtieth Visit.

IMITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

NOW deep and ardent was the love of the Blessed Virgin for Jesus! It was the 'all - absorbing thought of her existence, in which the world and creatures were utterly lost. The Presence of Jesus flooded her whole being with ecstatic joy. The light of His countenance cleared up the darkest sky; and His smile brightened the dreariest, the bleakest spot into a paradise, so that a minute with Him was worth a thousand years in the tabernacles of men.

When Mary bent over His childish

slumbers in Bethlehem; when in tender, loving silence she watched hour after hour by His side, though the stable was bleak and fireless, it was dearer and brighter to her than the gilded palaces of the Cæsars, because it contained all she had ever loved or could love — Jesus. When she was foot-sore, weary, and homeless in the desert, and when she was an outcast and begging for food in Egypt, one deeper pulsation of love, one warmer caress of the Child Jesus to her bosom, one fond look of His Divine countenance, made her forget every trial, every pain, every want.

In Nazareth, when Joseph toiled at his trade, and Mary discharged all the duties of the meanest servant — when

each morning brought the return of the same labor, and the same incessant toil which makes life so hard to bear—the years fled by as minutes, so happy was Mary because Jesus was there. Nazareth was never dreary, and the hours of the day and night were never heavy, till Jesus was no longer there, and till she sought Him for three days in Jerusalem.

Even when Jesus had the thorns piercing His brow, the iron in His side, the nails in His hands and feet, and when the Cross was His bed, Mary was calm, resigned, courageous beyond all the Apostles, because still she was near Jesus.

But when the tomb received Jesus, when the bright sun which had cheered

her had been extinguished — when she was Childless and a Widow, alone in a dreary world, what was it made the earth bearable? What was it prevented her heart from bursting with sorrow and with ardent longings to be united to Him she loved, and for whom she would willingly have died?

It was the Presence of the same Jesus, on the Altar in the Blessed Sacrament.

Bethlehem, Egypt, Nazareth were dear by the memory of the past; but doubly dear was any chamber, any church where Jesus dwelt!

Hour after hour, and day after day, she would kneel before the Altar; and the Presence of Jesus made her forget the dreariness of the world and her

overwhelming grief, and filled her soul with ardent longings that her sojourn might be shortened, that the Veils of the Blessed Sacrament might soon vanish, and that she might see her Son as before, face to face.

Jesus, if we could still the tumult of our souls; if we could make Thee the centre of our existence, as the Blessed Virgin did; if we could as vividly realize Thy Presence on the Altar, what a different aspect the world, its pleasures, and its trials would present to us!

What creatures, what countenance, what intellect, what love, what place could possess a charm or fascination to tempt us to sin, when on the Altar we possess beauty far beyond that of

the children of men — intelligence so vast, that the whole of creation is but one act thereof — love so genuine, so steadfast, so unselfish, that there is nought in creation to compare thereunto?

Resting in the shade of the Sanctuary, looking on Thy countenance, absorbed by the sweet influence of Thy love, surely there is no temptation we could not crush, and no allurements we could not spurn.

And as for trials, who can be so cowardly as to complain when Thou, Dearest Jesus, art willing to share them? Who can be downcast and not courageous when Thou dost put Thy shoulder under our cross, that we may not feel the weight, and when

Thou takest us by the hand and dost make us walk in Thy footprints, that we may not feel the roughness of the road? Thou remainest on the Altar, day and night, for this very purpose, and Thou art here to remove the rugged stones from our path, and to break the points of the sharp thorns that grow up in our way.

Then we will come to Thee, and we will come to Thee with sentiments similar to those which filled Thy Mother's heart. We will come to Thee in poverty and when we have not a hearth we can call our own, and we will be resigned, because Thou didst dwell in a stable for our sakes. We will come to Thee when our friends die, and when the grave covers those

we hold dearest, and Thy love and sympathy will wipe the tears from our eyes, and extract the sharp grief from our hearts. We will come to Thee when we are wounded and sick with the infidelity and inconstancy of creatures, and Thy undying friendship shall compensate for the fickleness and hollowness of the world.

Thy sanctuary shall be our home, our rest, and the bright spot which will make the trials of the world bearable. Thou shalt be the One for whom we live, and upon whose love we will securely build.

Grant, we beseech Thee, that the love of Thee may be the compensation for the loss of worldly loves and friendships. Let the Tabernacle, and

the All it contains, be our balm in sorrow, our comfort in tribulation, our support in trial and temptation, and our secure refuge in all danger. It will be so, if we imitate, even remotely, Thy Blessed Mother in her love of Thee. Jesus, give us this favor, that we may love Thee, in our poor manner, as Thy Blessed Mother did. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes resolve to imitate the Blessed Virgin, and make a Spiritual Communion.

VISIT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Dear Mother, we are thy children, and in some things we are like unto thee. Like thee, some of us have to endure cold and hunger in bleak and

fireless rooms, whilst others have to leave those they love, and to dwell in a strange land. Like thee we have to toil in the discharge of our daily duties, till the monotony sickens us of life. Like thee, we have to see those our hearts hold dearest in pain and anguish. Like thee, we have to stand by their death-beds, and though our hearts are well-nigh broken with sorrow, we have to follow them to the tomb, and to see all that made the world for us bright and happy buried.

And thus far, in suffering, there is similarity between the Mother and her children.

But let not, Dearest Mother, the resemblance rest here. Let us be like thee in those things also which please

thee most. Let us be like thee, in our poor childish way, in loving thy Son, and especially in loving Him in the Blessed Sacrament. Make every Altar dear to us, every Tabernacle a magnet, always influencing and attracting our hearts. Make us realize and love what we possess; and then, like thee, no place will be so dear to us as the place where Jesus is. Like thee, we shall feel that no day is happy in which we have not seen and visited Jesus. Like thee, we shall value creatures and the world only so far as they are connected with Jesus. Like thee, we shall think little of trials and tribulations, and we shall find, in truth, that God's yoke is sweet and His burthen light. Amen.

Thirty-first Visit.

CONFESSION OF THE FAULTS OF THE MONTH.

THE month has closed;—and alas! Dear Jesus, the resolutions made at its commencement have been nearly forgotten! We have scarcely ever visited Thee, except when duty has forced us to the church, and our hearts and thoughts have been seldom upon Thee. We have not advanced in Thy knowledge and love, and Thy conversation and company have been as irksome to us as ever. Thy Presence on the Altar has had no visible effect upon us, and our conduct before Thee has been as irrev-

erent and as thoughtless as though we had been unbelievers. Our communions have been as indifferent and as icy as ever, and we have found a few minutes' preparation and thanksgiving to be an insupportable burthen.

Another month has passed away, and eternity is so much nearer, and yet we are as distant as ever from loving Thee truly, who formest Heaven's Beatitude. The pleasures, the excitements, the occupations, the excuses, all that we have preferred to visiting Thee on the Altar, have also passed away, and what remains now but grief and disappointment?

It is sad to have to acknowledge this—it is humiliating to have to confess that it is as true now, as

far as we are concerned, as it was eighteen hundred years ago — that there hath stood One in the midst of us whom we know not, and that Thou, Dear Jesus, hast come to us, Thine own, and that we, Thine own, receive Thee not.

And when is a change to come? Is it to be the next month, or the month after, or the next year? Or are we to wait till Thou art brought in the Holy Viaticum to us? and are we delusively to hope that then suddenly we shall love Thee, whom we have despised and contemned during life?

Away with such a delusion! for as our communions are now, so in all probability will they be at the hour of death; and if the love of Jesus on the

Altar is too difficult a lesson to learn in life, it will be almost impossible to accomplish the task in our last moments.

How many, like ourselves, have gone on promising that to-morrow, later on, or some other time, they will love and visit Jesus on the Altar, and death has come suddenly upon them, and they have died without Priest or Sacrament! How many are there who will not love the Blessed Sacrament in strength and in health, and who, when the Holy Viaticum is brought to them, have to acknowledge that they cannot awaken their feelings, that they cannot look upon Jesus as a Friend, a Companion, a Lover, and who die, as they lived, cold and indifferent about the

greatest manifestation of love God could give — the Blessed Sacrament!

Heart of Jesus present on this Altar, and burning with love of us, send us sickness, send us poverty, send us humiliation, send us any trial or punishment, but in Thy mercy, in Thy love, we implore of Thee, let not this blind indifference to Thy Presence among us be found in our souls when death arrives; then, at least, Dearest Jesus, give us an ardent love and appreciation of Thy continual existence on the Altar.

Jesus, we are in Thy Presence, and in the light of Thy countenance there is no deception, and we see clearly, with the certainty of faith, that if we would love Thee in sickness, in death,

in eternity, and in heaven, we must love Thee now. Therefore we are resolved, cost what it may, to visit Thee every day, daily to think of Thee, to ponder over Thy goodness, Thy gentleness, and Thy love, that we may, in spite of our depraved nature, be enamored of Thee. This is at least the hundredth time we have made the same resolve, and this surely will meet a like fate with the rest, unless Thou dost come to our aid.

Come to our aid, Dearest Jesus. Slay all the rivals who would steal our hearts from Thee. Put to flight Thy enemies, and let not us, who according to our weakness desire to love Thee, be frustrated. In Thee we put our trust, guard us as the apple of Thine

eye, protect us under the shadow of Thy wings, and we shall never be moved; for there is no one who hath put his trust in Thee and hath been confounded. Amen.

Let us for a few minutes excite our sorrow for the faults of the Month, and make a Spiritual Communion.

Visit to the Blessed Virgin.

St. Bernard tells us that no one ever called on thee, Most Blessed Virgin, without being heard, or sought thy help without obtaining aid. We believe this to be true, from the depths of our souls. As children, as boys, as men, we have ever sought thy aid to love thy Son, and yet, alas! we seem no further advanced than we were years ago. We are not accusing thee, Dear Lady, but we are confessing that the fault must be our own, not thine,

because we have not asked as we ought. Then remove the impediment to the operation of thy intercession. Teach us now to ask; regard not our insufficiencies; but for the love which thou hast for thy Son, teach us how to love Him. Amen.

Prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas.

ADORO TE DEVOTE.

I DEVOUTLY adore Thee, O hidden Deity!
Who art concealed indeed under these
forms;
To Thee my whole heart subjects itself,
Because it finds itself quite lost in contemplating Thee.

The sight, the feeling, and the taste, are
here deceived,
But the hearing alone may be safely believed;
I believe whatever the Son of God has
spoken;
Nothing can be more true than the word of
truth.

Upon the cross the Divinity alone was
concealed;

But here the humanity also lies hid.
Yet I believe and confess both one and the
other,
And make the same petition as did the
penitent thief.

I do not see the wounds, as Thomas did;
yet I confess Thee to be my God!
Oh! grant that I may ever believe in Thee
more and more,
And evermore put my trust in Thee, and
love Thee.

O blessed memorial of the death of our
Lord!
O living bread! giving life to man,
Grant that my soul may ever live on Thee:
Grant that I may ever relish Thy sweetness.

O Fountain of purity! Jesus our Lord!
Cleanse me, an unclean sinner, with Thy
blood!
One drop of which is sufficient to save
The whole world from all its guilt.

O Jesus! whom I now see under these
veils,
Oh! when will that hour come, which I so
much long for!
When, the veil being removed, I shall see
Thy face,
And be happy for ever in the contemplation
of Thy glory. *Amen.*

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament,

In Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THE DEVOTION OF THE "QUARANT' ORE," OR FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.

THIS devotion continues for forty hours, in memory of the forty hours during which the body of our Lord remained in the sepulchre. It was begun at Milan in 1534, and was introduced into Rome by St. Philip Neri in 1548, and sanctioned by Pope Clement VIII., who issued a solemn Bull respecting it, November 25th, 1592.

To promote this devotion, Pope Clement XIII. granted a plenary indulgence to all such as, confessing their sins and receiving the holy communion, should visit any church or chapel where this devotion was being performed.

To gain this indulgence it is required (1) to visit the Blessed Sacrament once each day during the three days of exposition; and (2) to receive the holy communion on one of the three days; but not necessarily in the same church or chapel in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed.

Pope Paul V. also granted an indulgence of ten years and ten *quadragens* for every visit made to the Blessed Sacrament thus exposed.

These indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

The forms of prayers used in this devotion are, the Litany of the Saints, Collects, &c.; to which may be added the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the *Miserere* psalm, and the *Te Deum*. Private devotions may be used at discretion from those which follow.

First Adoration.

I adore thee, O sacred Heart of Jesus, in this most august Sacrament of

the altar, wherein thou dost continue so ardently to love us. I thank and bless the goodness of thy divine Heart, for having instituted this divine Sacrament, wherein thou hast prepared for us a divine food, even thine own self. O adorable Heart of my Jesus, glowing furnace of divine love, receive my soul into thine, that I may love thee constantly to the last moment of my life.

Pater. Ave. Gloria.

Second Adoration.

I adore thee, most holy Heart of Jesus, upon this altar where thou dwellest, ever ardently desiring that the heart of all the creatures thou hast made, should come to be united with thine, that so they may receive the graces which flow from this ever-flowing fountain. I thank thee for the wonderful goodness of thy sacred Heart, that it has deigned so often to become united with mine in this Sac-

rament of love, and I pray thee to make my heart ever yielding and obedient to the inspirations of thy most blessed Heart.

Pater. Ave. Gloria.

Third Adoration.

I adore thee, most sacred Heart of Jesus, in this august Sacrament, wherein infidels and heretics adore thee not, neither know thy real and divine presence; in recompense for all the outrages offered thee in this divine Sacrament by infidels and heretics, I come humbly to offer thee an act of faith, wherewith I believe that thou art really present in this sacred Host, and therein I adore thee with all faithful Catholics, beseeching thee to melt my heart like wax, that it may ever tenderly love thee.

Pater. Ave. Gloria.

Fourth Adoration.

I adore thee, O sacred Heart of Jesus, in this blessed Sacrament of the

altar, wherein thou art so little loved, and dost meet so little return, especially from those wicked Christians who with such irreverence offend thee, and in their sacrilegious communions unworthily receive thee; in atonement for such great profanation, and also for the irreverence and indevotion which thou receivest even from those who are consecrated to thee, and who ought with greater diligence and zeal to adore thee, I dedicate and offer to thee this my contrite heart, and I pray thee that thy love may kindle it, as an ever-burning lamp, before thee.

Pater. Ave. Gloria.

Fifth Adoration.

I adore thee, O most sacred Heart of Jesus, in this august Sacrament of the altar, wherein thou remainest day and night, and none of thy faithful come to adore thee, and pay thee personal homage; accept in satisfaction, O divine Heart, my will, wherewith,

were it possible, I would go into all churches, and into all parts of the world where thou in the Sacrament dost dwell, to adore thy infinite goodness, and to move by my example the hearts of all men, that in frequent visits they might correspond to thy love; and since by reason of my weak body, I cannot do this, I adore thee here, and wherever thou art within thy blessed tabernacle.

Pater. Ave. Gloria.

Acts of Devout Affection to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and to his most Sacred Heart.

Behold, my dear and loving Jesus, whereunto thy great excess of charity has arrived. Thou, of thy sacred flesh and most precious blood, hast prepared for me a divine banquet, wherein to give me all thyself. Oh, what has moved thee to this transport of love? Most certainly, thy loving heart alone. Oh, ever-adorable heart of my Jesus! burning furnace of

divine love! receive into thy sacred wound my poor soul, that, in thy school of charity, it may ever learn how to love this God, who has given me such wonderful proofs of his divine love. So be it, so be it.

His Holiness Pius VI. has granted one hundred days indulgence to all who devoutly recite the foregoing prayer once in the day.

The Crown or Chaplet of the Blessed Sacrament.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Gloria Patri. Glory, &c.

The Chaplet consists of thirty-three aspirations, which may be used during the hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. After each aspiration may be added a Pater noster, and at the end of each Decade a Gloria Patri.

THE FIRST DECADE.

Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

I. I believe, O my Jesus, thy divine word, that under this appearance of

bread, thou thyself art here present as thou art in heaven.

Pater noster.

II. I believe that thou art the divine Son, eternally equal to the Father; that by the operation of the Holy Ghost thou didst take human flesh of the Blessed Virgin.

Pater noster.

III. I believe that thou art the same Jesus who wast born of Mary ever Virgin, adored an Infant by thy angels, by the shepherds, and the magi.

Pater noster.

IV. I believe, O my Redeemer, here present in the Sacrament, that thou art the same Jesus of Nazareth who didst heal the sick, and didst raise the dead, who for us didst suffer and die upon the cross.

Pater noster.

V. I believe, finally, that thou thyself, now sitting glorious at the right

hand of thy Father in heaven, and there interceding for me, yet art verily present in this Sacrament, my nourishment on earth.

Pater noster.

VI. O most loving Jesus, who in this Sacrament hast left me a pledge of future glory, I hope through the merits of thy death and passion to behold thee face to face in heaven.

Pater noster.

VII. O Jesus, cause of our glorious resurrection, I hope, through the virtue of this divine food, wherewith thou nourishest me, to rise glorious into life eternal.

Pater noster.

VIII. I love thee, O Jesus, who art perfect charity; who, in thy essence, art true God and true man; in whom are contained the treasures of the divinity, and all the fulness of grace, which descends to us upon this earth.

Pater noster.

IX. I love thee, dear Jesus, who, for love of me, hast made thyself like unto me; kindle within me the flame of sacred love which thou didst bring from heaven, that, loving thee, I may grow into thy likeness.

Pater noster.

X. I love thee, O divine Jesus, my Lord and Master, because thou hast redeemed and freed me, poor slave of sin, with thy all-precious blood. Oh, of thy sweet mercy, grant that I may enjoy the full fruit of thy redemption.

Gloria Patri.

THE SECOND DECADE.

Acts of Adoration.

I. I adore thee, O living Bread, descended from heaven for my spiritual food; give me grace worthily to receive thee, in life and in death.

Pater noster.

II. I adore thee, divine food of the strong; strengthen my weakness, that I may ever be constant and faithful to thy love.

Pater noster.

III. I adore thee, O my Jesus, hidden beneath the sacramental veil; let my life be hidden, through thee, in God.

Pater noster.

IV. I adore Thee, O great God, who art the only way; make me ever to walk in the path of thy precepts, and after thy shining example, that so I may arrive at eternal salvation.

Pater noster.

V. I adore thee, O Jesus, true and spiritual life of all who love thee, give me grace to die to myself, and to live to thee alone, who didst die for the love of me.

Pater noster.

VI. I adore thee, my dear Redeemer, truth ineffable; enliven, I beseech thee,

and increase my faith, that it may be fruitful in good works.

Pater noster.

VII. I adore thee, O Jesus, divine Light of the world; illuminate my mind, that, knowing, I may love thee, and may come to enjoy thee eternally in heaven.

Pater noster.

VIII. I adore thee, divine and loving Shepherd; draw to thyself this wounded sheep, that it may never more leave thy fold, to fall into the hands of the infernal wolf.

Pater noster.

IX. I adore thee, divine Lamb, who, for the sins of the world, didst give thyself to be slain; grant that I may bear all my sufferings patiently for thy sake, in satisfaction for my sins.

Pater noster.

X. I adore thee, O Jesus, King of glory, Judge of the living and the dead; make me on earth so to fear thy

justice, that in heaven I may eternally sing thy mercy.

Gloria Patri.

THE THIRD DECADE.

Acts of Thanksgiving.

I. I thank thee, O Divine Redeemer, that, not content with having for our sakes come upon the earth, thou hast instituted this adorable Sacrament, that therein thou mightst remain with us unto the consummation of the world.

Pater noster.

II. I thank thee, O glorious Jesus, that thou dost veil, beneath the eucharistic species, thy infinite majesty and beauty, which thy angels delight to behold, that so I might have courage to approach the throne of thy mercy.

Pater noster.

III. I thank thee, O Jesus most loving, that, having made thyself my food, thou descendest upon this tongue,

which so often has offended thee, and dost enter within this body, which, alas, has too often deserved to be visited with thy anger.

Pater noster.

IV. I thank thee, my dear Saviour, that in this ineffable Sacrament thou unitest me to thee with so much love, that I therein live in thee, and thou in me.

Pater noster.

V. I thank thee, O my Jesus, that, giving thyself to me in this blessed Sacrament, thou hast so enriched it with the treasures of thy love, that thou hast not, thou canst not, thou knowest not what greater gift to give me.

Pater noster.

VI. I thank thee, O my good Jesus, that not only thou art become my food, but also in this blessed Sacrament offerest thyself a continual sacrifice for my salvation, to thy eternal Father.

Pater noster.

VII. I thank thee, divine Priest, for that every day thou dost sacrifice thyself upon our altars, in adoration and homage to the most Blessed Trinity, and dost supply for our poor and miserable adorations.

Pater noster.

VIII. I thank thee, O my Saviour, because, renewing in this daily sacrifice the very sacrifice of the cross offered on Calvary, thou dost satisfy the divine justice for us miserable sinners.

Pater noster.

IX. I thank thee, dear Jesus, that thou hast become the priceless Victim, to merit for me the fulness of celestial favors. Awaken in me such trust, that their abundance may ever more and more descend upon my soul.

Pater noster.

X. I thank thee, my loving Saviour, that thou art immolated in thanksgiving to God, for all his benefits,

spiritual and temporal, which He has bestowed upon me, and which I yet hope to receive.

Gloria Patri.

Three Final Aspirations.

I. Jesus, invisible and divine Head of thy spouse the Church, who, with thy blood, hast purified her from all stain, have mercy upon her visible head, N, upon all bishops and pastors, especially N our bishop, and shed upon them thy holy Spirit, wherewith thy apostles and disciples were filled, that they may maintain thy holy faith pure and untouched, and may spread over the whole world the light of thy Gospel and of thy Catholic truth.

Pater noster.

II. O Jesus, King of kings, Lord of governors, by whom monarchs do reign, and from whom all earthly power comes, mercifully behold our princes, and those in authority; infuse

within them the spirit of thy divine wisdom, clemency, and justice, so that they may be great with thee rather than on earth, and may enter with thee into thy heavenly kingdom.

Pater noster.

III. O Jesus, all-merciful, who dost not will the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted, and rise to a spiritual life; triumph, I beseech thee, over the malice and hardness of all who obstinately offend thee, so that, acquiring thy grace in this world, they may become worthy of the glory of thy heavenly paradise for all eternity.

Gloria Patri.

Prayer of St. Ignatius.

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.

Body of Christ, save me.

Blood of Christ, inebriate me.

Water of the side of Christ, purify me.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me.

O good Jesus, hear me.

Within thy wounds hide me.

Suffer me not to be separated from thee.

From the malignant enemy defend me.

In the hour of my death call me.

And bid me to come unto thee.

That with thy saints I may praise thee,

For ever and ever. Amen.

Ant. O sacred banquet, in which Christ is received: the memory of his Passion is renewed; the mind is filled with grace; and a pledge of future glory is given to us.

V. Thou hast given them bread from heaven.

R. Containing in itself all sweetness.

Let us pray.

O God, who in this wonderful sacrament hast left unto us a memorial of thy Passion; grant us, we beseech thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of

thy Body and Blood, that we may ever feel in our souls the fruit of thy redemption. Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

Say thrice, "May God, our God, bless us; may God bless us, and all the ends of the earth fear him." Glory, &c., thrice.

*Prayer to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, to
entreat His Love.*

O amiable and adorable Jesus, my Lord and my God, source of every good; thou art the Light of the world, the only and sure Way, which leadeth to thy eternal Father; thou art the Truth which enlightens our blindness, and delivers us from error, the Gate by which whoever enters shall be safe. Thou art the Fountain of life, who hast opened to the world that new Life of divine love which was erst hidden in thy eternal Father's bosom, making thee to shine resplendent with thy goodness and mercy. Fulfil, according to thy promise, O Lord, our joy,

that we all may serve to promote thy glory, and to increase thy holy love. Shed upon us that divine light which thou didst bring into the world, that so the love which thy Father bears thee, may be in us, as thy holy word bids us hope. Grant that, as he is in thee, and with thee is one God, so we may be in thee by sincere love, and may be one with thee through a perfect conformity of life and habits, that so nothing may remain in us which shall not be wholly subject to thee, and to thee be wholly dedicated; that, being dead to the world, to the flesh, to ourselves, through an entire detachment from all that is not thee, we may henceforth live for thee alone, who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

The Holy Pope Pius VI. granted to all who, truly contrite, shall once recite the words: "For ever praised and thanked be the most holy and divine Sacrament," one hundred days indulgence. During the Octave of Corpus Christi, and on all the Thursdays

of the year, three hundred days to whoever recites the above words. And whoever recites them daily for one month, being confessed and communicated, and praying for the wants of Holy Church, according to the intention of the Supreme Pontiff, shall receive a plenary indulgence.

Prayer to the ever-blessed Virgin, Mother most powerful.

I will not depart from before this altar without visiting thee, O my sweet and merciful, and most amiable Queen. I will take the encouragement thy servant St. Bernard gives me to approach thee. He bids me remember, that thou art not wont to scrutinize the merits of those who throw themselves on thy compassion, but that thou art ever ready to hear all who have recourse to thee. When, therefore, I implore thee, benignantly thou dost listen. Listen, then, O Lady, to my prayer. I am a poor sinner who have merited a thousand hells; but I desire to change my life. I will love the God whom I so

deeply offended. Miserable as I am, I give myself to thee; I dedicate myself to be thy servant. Succor, then, O Mother, one who is no longer his own, but thine. Hearest thou, O Mary? I hope that thou hast heard and granted this my humble and earnest prayer.

Mary, sweetest mother mine,
Make me to be ever thine.

SHORT PRAYERS

TO THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT DURING
ITS EXPOSITION AND BENEDICTION.

Act of Faith.

O MY Jesus, I most firmly believe that thou art present beneath the sacramental species of this most holy Host, which by us is seen; that there thou art living, true, and present, as thou art in heaven. I behold thee not, O my adorable Saviour, with my bodily

eyes, but with the sight of faith, and I am more sure of the truth of thy real presence, thus seeing thee, than if I beheld thee with the eyes of my body. O Lord, accept and increase my faith.

Act of Adoration.

Prostrate in profound humility before thee, O my God, I adore thee, my creator, my judge; hidden under the august veil of the sacramental species, and together with the angels who surround thy holy altar, I bless thee. To my poor and weak prayers I unite the adorations of the celestial spirits and all the blessed inhabitants of heaven, that their merit may supply for my unworthiness.

Act of Contrition.

But alas, my Jesus, who am I, who thus dare to present myself before thee? Am I not that poor worm of the earth, who a thousand times have so ungratefully offended thee? Ah! I

ought rather to fly from thy presence, and withdraw from adoring thee in this blessed Sacrament, if I looked only on my sins, and on my shameless conduct towards thee. But no: upon that altar where thou art enthroned, I behold thee in thy chair of mercy, and therefore I venture to approach thee. But deeply penitent, and grieving for my past sins, I come determined, by thy grace, never more to renew them. Oh, pardon me, my loving Saviour, and with thy grace strengthen my resolutions.

Act of Petition.

O my Jesus, fountain of inexhaustible benediction, thou, who before thou didst ascend glorious into heaven, didst bless thy apostles, oh, bless me also, and with thy Benediction sanctify me. Bless my memory, that it may ever recollect thee; bless my intellect, that it may ever think of thee; bless my will, that it may never seek or desire that which shall displease thee. Bless

my body and its actions; bless my heart and its affections. Bless me now and in the hour of my death; bless me in time and in eternity; and grant that thy most holy Benediction may be to me the sweet pledge of eternal felicity. Bless also my brethren, the faithful, who unitedly adore thee in this blessed Sacrament; and may thy Benediction be an augmentation of grace to the just, and an effectual call to repentance for all poor sinners.



The Litany of the Saints.

Anth. Remember not, O Lord, our offences, nor those of our parents, and take not revenge of our sins.

KYRIE eleison.
Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe audi nos.

Christe exaudi nos.

Pater de cœlis Deus, miserere nobis.

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis.

Spiritus Sancte Deus, miserere nobis.

Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, miserere nobis.

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

Sancta Dei genitrix,

Sancta Virgo virginum,

Sancte Michael,

Sancte Gabriel,

Sancte Raphael,

Omnes sancti Angeli et Archangeli, orate pro nobis.

Omnes sancti beatorum Spirituum ordines, orate, &c.

Sancte Joannes Baptista,

Sancte Joseph,

Omnes sancti patriarchæ et prophetæ, orate pro nobis.

Sancte Petre,

LORD, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.

Holy Mary, pray for us.

Holy Mother of God,

Holy Virgin of virgins,

St. Michael,

St. Gabriel,

St. Raphael,

All ye holy Angels and Archangels,

All ye holy orders of blessed Spirits,

St. John the Baptist,

St. Joseph,

All ye holy patriarchs and prophets,

St. Peter,

Orate, &c.

Pray for us.

Sancte Paule,	} Ora pro nobis.	St. Paul,	} Pray for us.
Sancte Andrea,		St. Andrew,	
Sancte Jacobe,		St. James,	
Sancte Joannes,		St. John,	
Sancte Thoma,		St. Thomas,	
Sancte Jacobe,		St. James,	
Sancte Philippe,		St. Philip,	
Sancte Bartholomæe,		St. Bartholomew,	
Sancte Matthæe,		St. Matthew,	
Sancte Simon,		St. Simon,	
Sancte Thaddæe,		St. Thaddæus,	
Sancte Mathia,		St. Matthias,	
Sancto Barnaba,		St. Barnaby,	
Sancte Luca,	} Ora pro nobis.	St. Luke,	
Sancte Marce,		St. Mark,	
Omnes sancti apostoli et		All ye holy Apostles	
evangelistæ, orate pro		and evangelists,	
nobis.			
Omnes sancti discipuli Do-		All ye holy disciples	
mini, orate pro nobis.		of our Lord,	
Omnes sancti Innocentes,		All ye holy Innocents,	
orate pro nobis.			
Sancte Stephane, ora, &c.		St. Stephen,	
Sancte Laurenti, ora, &c.		St. Lawrence,	
Sancte Vincenti, ora, &c.		St. Vincent,	
Sancti Fabiane et Se-	} Orate, &c.	SS. Fabian and Sebas-	
bastiane,		tian,	
Sancti Joannes et		SS. Paul and John,	
Paule,			
Sancti Cosma et Dami-		SS. Cosmas and Da-	
ane.		mian,	
Sancti Gervasi et Pro-		SS. Gervase and Pro-	
tasi,		tase,	
Omnes sancti martyres,		All ye holy martyrs,	
Sancte Sylvester,	} Ora pro nobis.	St. Sylvester,	
Sancte Gregori,		St. Gregory,	
Sancte Ambrosi,		St. Ambrose,	
Sancte Augustine,		St. Augustine,	
Sancte Hieronyme,		St. Jerome,	
Sancte Martine,		St. Martin,	
Sancte Nicolas,		St. Nicholas,	

Omnes sancti pontifices et confessores, orate, &c.	All ye holy bishops and confessors,	} Pray for us.
Omnes sancti doctores, orate, &c.	All ye holy doctors,	
Sancte Antoni, ora, &c.	St. Anthony,	
Sancte Benedicte, ora, &c.	St. Benedict,	
Sancte Bernarde, ora, &c.	St. Bernard,	
Sancte Dominice, ora, &c.	St. Dominic,	
Sancte Francisce, ora, &c.	St. Francis,	
Omnes sancti sacerdotes et Levitæ, orate, &c.	All ye holy priests and Levites,	
Omnes sancti monachi et eremitæ, orate, &c.	All ye holy monks and hermits,	
Sancta Maria Magdalena,	St. Mary Magdalen,	
Sancta Agatha,	St. Agatha,	} Ora, &c.
Sancta Lucia,	St. Lucy,	
Sancta Agnes,	St. Agnes,	
Sancta Cæcilia,	St. Cecily,	
Sancta Catharina,	St. Catharine,	
Sancta Anastasia,	St. Anastasia,	
Omnes sanctæ virgines et viduæ, orate, &c.	All ye holy virgins and widows, pray, &c.	
Omnes sancti et sanctæ Dei, intercedite pro nobis.	All ye men and women, Saints of God, make intercession for us.	
Propitius esto, parce nobis, Domine.	Be merciful unto us, spare us; O Lord.	
Propitius esto, exaudi nos, Domine.	Be merciful unto us, graciously hear us, O Lord.	} O Lord, deliver us.
Ab omni malo, libera nos, Domine.	From all evil, O Lord deliver us.	
Ab omni peccato,	From all sin,	
Ab ira tua,	From thy wrath,	
A subitanea et improvisa morte,	From a sudden and unprovided death,	
Ab insidiis diaboli,	From the deceits of the devil,	
Ab ira, et odio, et omni mala voluntate,	From anger, hatred, and all ill-will,	
A spiritu fornicationis,	From the spirit of fornication,	

A fulgure et tempestate,
A morte perpetua,
Per mysterium sanctæ incarnationis tuæ,

Per adventum tuum,
Per nativitatem tuam,
Per baptismum et sanctum jejunium tuum,
Per crucem et passionem tuam,
Per mortem et sepulturam tuam.
Per sanctam resurrectionem tuam,
Per admirabilem ascensionem tuam,
Per adventum Spiritus sancti Paracliti,

In die judicii,
Peccatores, te rogamus,
audi nos.

Ut nobis parcas,
Ut nobis indulgeas,
Ut ad veram poenitentiam nos perducere digneris,

Ut Ecclesiam tuam sanctam regere et conservare digneris.

Ut domnum Apostolicum et omnes ecclesiasticos ordines in sancta religione conservare digneris,

Ut inimicos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliare digneris,

Libera nos, Domine.

Te rogamus, audi nos.

From lightning and tempest,
From everlasting death,
Through the mystery of thy holy incarnation,

Through thy coming,
Through thy nativity,
Through thy baptism, and holy fasting,

Through thy Cross and passion,

Through thy death and burial,

Through thy holy resurrection,

Through thy admirable ascension,

Through the coming of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,

In the day of judgment,
We sinners do beseech thee to hear us.

That thou spare us,

That thou pardon us,

That thou vouchsafe to bring us to true penance,

That thou vouchsafe to govern and preserve thy holy Church,

That thou vouchsafe to preserve our apostolic prelate, and all ecclesiastical orders in holy religion,

That thou vouchsafe to humble the enemies of the holy Church,

O Lord, deliver us.

We beseech thee to hear us.

Ut regibus et principibus Christianis pacem et veram concordiam donare digneris,

Ut cuncto populo Christiano pacem et unitatem largiri digneris,

Ut nosmetipsos in tuo sancto servitio confortare et conservare digneris,

Ut mentes nostras ad cœlestia desideria erigas.

Ut omnibus benefactoribus nostris sempiterna bona retribuas,

Ut animas nostras, fratrum propinquorum, et benefactorum nostrorum, ab æterna damnatione eripias,

Ut fructus terræ dare et conservare digneris,

Ut omnibus fidelibus defunctis requiem æternam donare digneris,

Ut nos exaudire digneris,

Fili Dei.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos Domine.

That thou vouchsafe to give peace and true concord to Christian kings and princes,

That thou vouchsafe to grant peace and unity to all Christian people,

That thou vouchsafe to confirm and preserve us in thy holy service,

That thou lift up our minds to heavenly desires,

That thou render eternal good things to all our benefactors,

That thou deliver our souls and those of our brethren, kinsfolks, and benefactors, from eternal damnation,

That thou vouchsafe to give and preserve the fruits of the earth,

That thou vouchsafe to give eternal rest to all the faithful departed,

That thou vouchsafely to hear us,

Son of God,

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear us, O Lord.

Te rogamus, audi nos.

We beseech thee to hear us.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Christe, audi nos. Christe, exaudi nos. Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison. Pater noster, *secreto*.

V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us. Lord, have mercy on us. Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, have mercy on us. Our Father (*in an under tone*).

V. And lead us not into temptation.

R. But deliver us from evil.

PSALM lxix.

DEUS, in adiutorium meum intende: * Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.

Confundantur et revereantur, * qui quæerunt animam meam:

Avertantur retrorsum, et erubescant, * qui volunt mihi mala:

Avertantur statim erubescences, * qui dicunt mihi: Euge, euge.

Exultent et lætentur in te omnes qui quæerunt te, * et dicant semper: Magnificetur Dominus; qui diligunt salutare tuum.

Ego vero egenus et pauper sum: * Deus, adjuva me.

O GOD, come to my assistance; * O Lord, make haste to help me.

Let them be confounded and ashamed that * seek my soul;

Let them be turned backward, and blush for shame * that desire evils to me:

Let them be presently turned away blushing for shame * that say to me: 'Tis well, 'tis well.

Let all that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee; * and let such as love thy salvation say always: The Lord be magnified.

But I am needy and poor; * O God, help me.

Adjutor meus et liberator meus es tu: * Domine, ne moreris.

Gloria Patri, &c.

V. Salvos fac servos tuos.

R. Deus meus, sperantes in te.

V. Esto nobis, Domine, turris fortitudinis.

R. A facie inimice.

V. Nihil proficiat inimicus in nobis.

R. Et filius iniquitatis non apponat nocere nobis.

V. Domine, non secundum peccata nostra facias nobis.

R. Neque secundum iniquitates nostras retribuas nobis.

V. Oremus pro pontifice nostro *N.*

R. Dominus conservet eum, et vivificet eum, et beatum faciat eum in terra, et non tradat eum in animam inimicorum ejus.

V. Oremus pro benefactoribus nostris.

R. Retribuere dignare, Domine, omnibus nobis

Thou art my helper and my deliverer: * O Lord, make no delay.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

V. Save thy servants.

R. Trusting in thee, O my God.

V. Be unto us, O Lord, a tower of strength.

R. From the face of the enemy.

V. Let not the enemy prevail against us at all.

R. Nor the son of iniquity have any power to hurt us.

V. O Lord, deal not with us according to our sins.

R. Neither reward us according to our iniquities.

V. Let us pray for our chief bishop *N.*

R. The Lord preserve him, and give him life, and make him blessed upon earth, and deliver him not to the will of his enemies.

V. Let us pray for our benefactors.

R. Vouchsafe, O Lord, for thy name's sake, to reward

bona facientibus, propter nomen tuum, vitam æternam. *Amen.*

V. Oremus pro fidelibus defunctis.

R. Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine: et lux perpetua luceat eis.

V. Requiescant in pace.

R. Amen.

V. Pro fratribus nostris absentibus.

R. Salvos fac servos tuos, Deus meus, sperantes in te.

V. Mitte eis, Domine, auxilium de sancto.

R. Et de Sion tuere eos.

V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

with eternal life all those who have done us good. *Amen.*

V. Let us pray for the faithful departed.

R. Eternal rest give them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

V. May they rest in peace.

R. Amen.

V. For our absent brethren.

R. O my God, save thy servants trusting in thee.

V. Send them help, O Lord, from thy holy place.

R. And from Sion protect them.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto thee.

Let us pray.

O GOD, whose property is always to have mercy, and to spare, receive our petition; that we, and all thy servants who are bound by the chains of sin, may by the compassion of thy goodness, be mercifully absolved.

HEAR, we beseech thee, O Lord, the prayers of thy suppliants, and pardon the sins of them that confess to thee; that, in thy bounty, thou mayest give us pardon and peace.

OUT of thy clemency, O Lord, show thy unspeakable mercy to us; that so thou mayest both acquit us of our sins and deliver us from the punishment we deserve for them.

O GOD, who by sin art offended, and by penance pacified, mercifully regard the prayers of thy people, making supplication to thee, and turn away the scourges of thy anger, which we deserve for our sins.

O ALMIGHTY and Eternal God, have mercy on thy servant *N.*, our chief bishop, and direct him according to thy clemency, into the way of everlasting salvation; that, by thy grace, he may desire those things that are agreeable to thee, and perform them with all his strength.

O GOD, from whom are all holy desires, right counsels, and just works, give to thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be disposed to keep thy commandments, and the fear of enemies being removed, the times, by thy protection, may be peaceable.

INFLAME, O Lord, our reins and hearts with the fire of thy holy spirit, that we may serve thee with chaste bodies, and please thee with clean hearts.

O GOD, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, give to the souls of thy servants departed the remission of all their sins, that, through pious supplications, they may obtain the pardon which they have always desired.

PROMPT, we beseech thee, O Lord, our actions by thy holy inspirations, and carry them on by thy gracious assistance; that every prayer and work of ours

may begin always from thee, and by thee be happily ended.

O ALMIGHTY and Eternal God, who hast dominion over the living and the dead, and art merciful to all whom thou foreknowest shall be thine by faith and good works; we humbly beseech thee, that they for whom we have determined to offer up our prayers, whether this world still detains them in the flesh, or the world to come has already received them out of their bodies, may, by the clemency of thy goodness, all thy Saints interceding for them, obtain pardon and full remission of all their sins; Through our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son, who liveth and reigneth, one God with thee and the Holy Ghost, world without end.
Amen.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto thee.

V. May the Almighty and most merciful Lord graciously hear us.

R. Amen.

V. And may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.



BENEDICTION

OF THE

Blessed Sacrament.

O SALUTARIS.

O Salutaris Hostia,	O saving Victim, opening wide
Quæ coeli pandis ostium :	The gate of heaven to man below ;
Bella premunt hostilia,	Our foes press on from every side ;
Da robur fer auxilium.	Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.
Uni trinoque Domino, *	To thy great name be end- less praise,
Sit sempiterna gloria,	Immortal Godhead, one in three ;
Qui vitam sine termino,	Oh, grant us endless length of days
Nobis donet in patria.	In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.	Amen.

Hymn of the Blessed Virgin.

K YRIE eleison.	L ORD, have mercy on us.
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy on us.
Christe audi nos.	Christ hear us.
Christe exaudi nos.	Christ, graciously hear us.
Pater de coelis Deus, mise- rere nobis.	God the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis.	God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.
Spiritus Sancte Deus, mi- serere nobis.	God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.
Sancta Trinitas, unus De- us, miserere nobis.	Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.
Sancta Maria, ora pro no- bis.	Holy Mary, pray for us.
Sancta Dei genitrix, Sancta Virgo virgi- num, Mater Christi, Mater divinæ gratiæ, Mater purissima, Mater castissima, Mater inviolata, Mater intemerata, Mater amabilis, Mater admirabilis, Mater Creatoris, Mater Salvatoris, Virgo prudentissima, Virgo veneranda, Virgo prædicanda, Virgo potens, Virgo clemens, Virgo fidelis, Speculum justitiæ, Sedes sapientiæ, Causa nostræ lætitiæ, Vas spirituale, Vas honorabile, Vas insigne devotionis, Rosa mystica, Turris Davidica, Turris eburnea, Domus aurea, Foederis arca, Janua cœli,	Holy Mother of God, Holy Virgin of virgins, Mother of Christ, Mother of divine grace, Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, Mother inviolate, Mother undefiled, Mother most amiable, Mother most admirable, Mother of our Creator, Mother of our Saviour, Virgin most prudent, Virgin most venerable, Virgin most renowned, Virgin most powerful, Virgin most merciful, Virgin most faithful, Mirror of justice, Seat of wisdom, Cause of our joy, Spiritual vessel, Vessel of honor, Vessel of singular devo- tion, Mystical rose, Tower of David, Tower of ivory, House of gold, Ark of the covenant, Gate of heaven,

Ora pro nobis.

Pray for us.

Stella matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Refugium peccatorum,
Consolatrix afflicto-
rum,

Auxilium Christiano-
rum,

Regina Angelorum,
Regina Patriarcharum,

Regina Prophetarum,
Regina Apostolorum,

Regina Martyrum,
Regina Confessorum,

Regina Virginum,
Regina Sanctorum om-
nium,

Regina, sine labe origi-
nali concepta,

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-
cata mundi, parce nobis,
Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-
cata mundi, exaudi nos,
Domine.

Agnus Dei, que tollis pec-
cata mundi, miserere no-
bis.

*V. Ora pro nobis, sancta
Dei genitrix,*

*R. Ut digni efficiamur
promissionibus Christi.*

Ora pro nobis.

Morning star,
Health of the sick,
Refuge of sinners,
Comfortress of the af-
flicted,

Help of Christians,

Queen of Angels,

Queen of Patriarchs,

Queen of Prophets,

Queen of Apostles,

Queen of Martyrs,

Queen of Confessors,

Queen of Virgins,

Queen of all Saints,

Queen conceived with-
out original sin,

Lamb of God, who takest
away the sins of the world,
spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest
away the sins of the world,
hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest
away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.

*V. Pray for us, O holy
Mother of God,*

*R. That we may be made
worthy of the promises of
Christ.*

Pray for us.

OREMUS.

GRATIAM tuam, quæ-
sumus, Domine, menti-
bus nostris infunde: ut
qui, Angelo nuntiante,
Christi Filii tui incarna-
tionem cognovimus, per

LET US PRAY.

POUR down, we beseech
Thee, O Lord, Thy grace
into our souls; that as we
have known the incarnation
of Christ Thy Son by the
message of an angel, so by

passionem ejus † et crucem ad resurrectionis gloriam perducamur: Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum. *R. Amen.*

V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum. R. Amen.

his passion † and cross we may be brought to the glory of the resurrection: Through the same Christ our Lord. *R. Amen.*

V. May the Divine assistance always remain with us. R. Amen.

PANGE LINGUA.

Pange lingua gloriosi

Corporis Mysterium,

Sanguinisque pretiosi,

Quem in mundi pretium,

Fructus ventris generosi

Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus

Ex intacta Virgine,

Et in mundo conversatus

Sparso verbi semine,

Sui moras incolatus

Miro clausit ordine.

In supremæ nocte cœnæ

Recumbens cum fratribus,

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory;

Of His Flesh the mystery sing;

Of the Blood, all price exceeding,

Shed by our immortal King,

Destined for the world's redemption,

From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin

Born for us on earth below,

He, as Man with man conversing,

Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;

Then He closed in solemn order

Wondrously His life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper,

Seated with His chosen band,

Observata lege plene	He the paschal victim eat- ing,
Cibis in legalibus,	First fulfils the Law's command;
Cibum turbæ duodenæ	Then as food to all His bre- thren
Se dat suis manibus.	Gives Himself with His own hand.
Verbum caro, panem ve- rum	Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
Verbo carnem efficit:	By His word to Flesh He turns;
Fitque Sanguis Christi	Wine into His Blood He changes—
merum,	
Et si sensus deficit:	What though sense no change discerns?
Ad firmandum cor sin- cerum	Only be the heart in earn- est,
Sola fides sufficit.	Faith her lesson quickly learns.

TANTUM ERGO.

Tantum ergo Sacramen- tum	Lowly bending, deep ador- ing,
Veneremur cernui:	Lo! the Sacrament we hail;
Et antiquum documen- tum	Types and shadows have their ending,
Novo cedat ritui;	Newer rites of grace pre- vail;
Præstet fides supplemen- tum	Faith for all defects sup- plying
Sensuum defectui.	Where the feeble senses fail.
Genitori, Genitoque,	Glory, honor, might, do- minion,
Laus et jubilatio,	Be unto our God most high;

Salus, honor, virtus, quo- que Sit et benedicito: Procedenti ab utroque Compar sit laudatio. Amen.	To the Father, Son, and Spirit, Ever-blessed Trinity, Praise be given, and power eternal, Unto all eternity.
---	---

SACRIS SOLEMNIIS.

Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia, Et ex præcordiis sonent præconia: Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia, Corda, voces, et opera.	Let us with hearts renew'd Our grateful homage pay: And welcome with trium- phant songs This ever-blessed day.
Panis Angelicus fit panis hominum, Dat panis coelicus figuris terminum, O res mirabilis, manducat Dominum Pauper, servus, et humilis.	Farewell to types! Hence- forth We feed on angel's food: The guilty slave — oh, won- der — eats The body of his God!
Te trina Deitas, unaque poscimus, Sic nos tu visita, sicut te colimus: Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus, Ad lucem quam inhabitas.	O blessed Three in One! Visit our hearts, we pray; And lead us on through Thine own paths To Thy eternal day.

V. Panem de cœlo præ-
stitisti eis. [Alleluia.]

V. Thou didst give them
bread from heaven. [Alle-
luia.]

R. Omne delectamentum
in se habentem. [Alle-
luia.]

R. Containing in itself
all sweetness. [Alleluia.]

Oremus.

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili, passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti; tribue, quæsumus, ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis, &c. Amen.

Let us pray.

O God, who, under this wonderful Sacrament, hast left us a memorial of Thy passion; grant us, we beseech thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Thy body and blood, that we may ever feel within us the fruit of Thy redemption. Who livest, &c. Amen.

Adoremus in æternum sanctissimum Sacramentum.

May we for ever adore the most holy Sacrament.

FINAL PRAYER.

Vouchsafe, O Lord Jesus Christ, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, to pour down upon us Thy most holy Benediction, that we may be enabled always to love Thee, and seek to accomplish Thy divine will in all things; and grant, O Bread of angels, that we may deserve to receive Thee during life, to be comforted by Thee in death, and to enjoy Thee eternally in Thy heavenly kingdom. Amen.



A Novena,

MADE BY POPE PIUS V.,

IN HONOR OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

JESUS Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, incline thy sacred Head, and listen to my petitions and sighs, as thou didst listen to thy eternal Father on Mount Thabor. *Hail Mary, &c.*

JESUS Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred Eyes, and look upon me, as thou didst look on thy sacred Mother from the Cross. *Hail Mary, &c.*

JESUS Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred Lips, and speak to my afflicted heart, as thou didst speak to St. John, when thou recommendedst him to thy dear Mother. *Hail Mary, &c.*

JESUS Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred arms, and receive me, thy poor child, as thou didst embrace the hard wood of the Cross, for love of me and all sinners. *Hail Mary, &c.*

JESUS Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred Heart, that seat of love and mercy, and receive mine into it; make it wholly thine. Hear my prayers, and grant my petitions. *Hail Mary, &c.*

Pope Leo XII., of holy memory, granted forty days' indulgence to all faithful Christians, every time they devoutly recite the following Prayer; and The Indulgence of one hundred years. And as many Quarantines, provided it be said every Saturday for a month.

PRAYER.

Loosen, O Lord, we pray Thee, in Thy pity, the bonds of our sins, and by the intercession of the blessed

Mary, ever Virgin Mother of God, the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and all saints, keep us thy servants and our abodes in all holiness; cleanse us, our relations, kinsfolk, and acquaintances, from all stain of sin; adorn us with all virtue; grant to us peace and health; drive far off all our enemies visible and invisible; bridle our appetites; grant us healthful seasons; show forth Thy love towards our friends and our enemies; guard Thy holy city; preserve our Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., and defend all our prelates, princes, and all Thy Christian people, from all adversity. Let Thy blessing be ever upon us, and grant to all the faithful departed eternal rest. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Plenary Indulgence.

Pope Pius VII., by a decree of the S. Congr. of Indulgences, dated April 10, 1821, granted —

THE PLENARY INDULGENCE to all who shall devoutly say the following prayer before a crucifix, with contrite hearts, praying for the wants of Holy Church, after having confessed and communicated :

LOOK down upon me, good and gentle Jesu, while before Thy face I humbly kneel, and with burning soul pray and beseech Thee to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, true contrition for my sins, and firm purpose of amendment ; the while I contemplate with great love and tender pity Thy five Wounds, pondering over them within me, whilst I call to mind the words which David Thy prophet said of Thee, my Jesus : “Foderunt manus Meas, et pedes Meos : dinumeraverunt

omnia ossa Mea,"—"They pierced My hands and My feet; they numbered all my bones." — Ps. xxi. 17, 18. — (*From the Raccolta.*)

To gain the Plenary Indulgence, after having confessed and communicated, no other prayer but the above is required.—*Decree of the S. Congr. Ap. 2d, 1840.*

Prayer to St. Joseph.

GUARDIAN of virgins and Father, holy Joseph, to whose faithful custody Christ Jesus, very Innocence, and Mary, Virgin of virgins, were committed; I pray and beg of thee by these dear pledges Jesus and Mary, free me from all uncleanness, and make me with spotless mind, pure heart, and chaste body, ever more chastely to serve Jesus and Mary, all the days of my life. Amen.

The Indulgence of one year to all Priests, Regular and Secular, every time it is said devoutly.

The Memorare to St. Joseph.

MOST glorious Saint Joseph, Virgin Spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God, my loving Patron, remember that it has never been known that any one invoked thy help or solicited thy patronage without obtaining relief. Encouraged by this assurance, I commend my soul and body, my temporal and eternal interests to thy powerful protection. Oh! Thou, the adopted Father of the Eternal Son, despise not this appeal, but listen to my prayer, and plead for my necessities. Amen.

An Indulgence of three hundred days may be gained *once a day*, by reciting the above prayer, as by Rescript of His Holiness, Pius IX.

Devout Acts of Praise.

By way of reparation for the grievous offences committed against God by blasphemies, &c.

Blessed be God.

Blessed be His holy name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man.

Blessed be the name of Jesus.

Blessed be Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.

Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception.

Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

Blessed be God in His holy angels and in His saints.

One year's indulgence every time they are said.

A Plenary Indulgence once a month on the usual conditions.

Prayer to St. Joseph, Patron of the Church.

Approved by His Holiness, POPE PIUS IX., Feb. 23, 1871.

GLORIOUS Patriarch, St. Joseph! a voice of far greater authority, than that which once issued from the throne of Egypt, has lately directed the great Christian family to have recourse to thee in their necessities: *Go to Joseph.* Behold then this widely-extended family intrusted to thy care: behold us all, prostrate before thy heavenly throne, imploring thy assistance in our present grievous afflictions. Like the brothers of the ancient Joseph, we come to thee, humbled and confounded on account of our sins, which have called down upon us the anger of Heaven. Yet in our midst there are also many innocent Benjamins, who suffer and grieve without any fault of their own. But our hearts are inexpressibly pained when

we hear our venerable Father, like the gentle and pious Jacob, meekly lamenting that the last days of his life are filled with bitterness. Have pity on his gray hairs, and permit him not to close his eyes in the sleep of the Just, before peace and safety have dawned upon his entire family.

This, O great Saint, is the first favor which we ask of thee since thou hast been proclaimed our Universal Protector. Canst thou have the heart to refuse us? Ah! we may well hope that the second Joseph will show even greater compassion than the first. Animated therefore with this confidence, we repeat: **HOLY JOSEPH, PRAY FOR US.**

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul. (*Indulg. of 100 days; Pius VII., April 28, 1807.*)
X



